

From the Quarterly Review.

Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing in the Tweed, with a short account of the Natural History and habits of the Salmon, Instructions to Sportsmen, Anecdotes, &c. By WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq., F. L. S., author of "The Art of Deer-Stalking." London, royal 8vo., (with numerous engravings.) 1843.

We have heard it predicted that the taste for Scotch sport, which has become a passion in England, would, like other passions, be of short endurance. We do not think so. Until the madness of our neighbors, or our own, provide the youth of England with the excitement of real war, that mimic warfare seems likely to keep their nerves strung and their hands fit for action.

It is not only that Clubland is left desolate as the 12th of August approaches; that parliament is prorogued or deserted; that northern steamers and railways for weeks are crowded with sportsmen and their apparatus of sport; that during autumn more glimpses of the fashionable world are to be seen in the streets of Laverne than in St. James' street: there are certain other indications not to be mistaken. Several accidents have of late thrown a number of Highland estates into the market, and these have been for the most part acquired by Englishmen of fortune, men who have grown to love the scene of their youthful sport only less than the green fields of their southern homes. The new proprietors have established their summer "shealings" in some of the remotest fastnesses of the hills, willing to see their sons grow up in the same hardy habits of Highland life which they themselves have acquired; and having no fear lest their daughters should lose in delicacy and grace by setting their feet on the heather and breathing the sweet mountain air.

These are not symptoms of an ephemeral passion. But we trust still more to the actual fascination of the Scotch sports, and their adaptation to the national character of Englishmen. It is true, the taste for picturesque scenery—one of the causes of the tide setting northward—is of comparatively recent date. We doubt if the ancients—at least the old Romans—could appreciate any beauty of scenery beyond the clear fountain with its margin of turf, shaded from the mid-day heat by the umbrageous plane. Virgil indeed, when scorched by the Neapolitan sun, loved to fancy himself in the cool glens of Hæmus and under the shade of mightiest boughs. Horace decidedly preferred the "burn-side," if it was not the dell of a still smaller rivulet, which he has sung in lines of untranslatable beauty:—

Quâ pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo:—

but he looked to Soracte only as a weather-glass. No Roman poet viewed the Apennines as more than a scene of rocky horrors, or thought of the Alps but as a region of ever-during snow. It is not quite a century and a half since a cultivated and refined English clergyman appealed to the

sympathy of his friends for being condemned to a living death—a benefice among the dreadful wilds of Derbyshire! Some people, some whole nations seem incapable of the taste. We doubt if the Frenchman—the Frenchman proper—has ever really experienced the awful pleasure of mountain solitude.

But whatever theory may be made, of the taste for the picturesque requiring education, it required no schooling to make the Englishman enjoy the wild free sport of the Scotch mountains, when it was opened to him. His previous habits had fitted him for its toil; his previous sport had given him some foretaste of its excitement. Every English boy bred in the country is a hunter. He who as a boy was one of the Eaton "eleven," and pulled an oar in the Christ Church eight-oar, had ensured a firm foot and good "wind." He needed but a little practice to make him enter into all the energetic scenes of Highland sport with the vigorous joy of a young native. For him too, by-and-bye, there was just enough of hardship and danger to give some feeling of adventure, and fatigue enough to make rest delightful. It was the perfection of physical existence. The young knight setting out in quest of adventures, never felt more confident in his prowess than the deer-stalker with his rifle on his arm as he climbs the breezy heights of Ben-y-gloe, and prepares for a day of exertion, sustained by the intense interest of the noble sport. And who shall say such pursuits are without their effect on the mind! If, as we love to think, the gentleman of England stands well nigh first in the scale, he owes much of his superiority to that education of the body which men of rank in other countries rarely enjoy. He becomes hardy in person, and his mind acquires manliness with it. He trusts to his own eye and his good hand, and his spirit acquires the same independence. He communes with nature, and learns to live alone, and he is not the worse member of society for being able to do so.

Holding this opinion of the importance of the prevailing taste, let it not be thought unworthy of our gravity to devote a few pages to illustrate it.

Many of the southern counties of Scotland have a great extent of moor and hill, well peopled with game. In Dumfriesshire and Galloway, Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, as well as in the ancient Royal forest—"The Forest" par excellence of Scotland, now Selkirkshire—once full of red-deer, as now teeming with white-faced sheep—and on the high grounds of the other border counties, the red grouse is tolerably abundant, and the black game in much greater number than in the wilder ranges of the northern Highlands; so that a good gun in the beginning of the season may bring to the bag twenty or thirty brace of black-game in a fair day, including hens, which are not there held sacred. But over that southern division of Scotland the game gets early wild and unapproachable; there is no deer nor ptarmigan; and there is not on the whole such certainty of continued sport as to induce many devotees to hire the right of shooting there. Passing over for the present the fine salmon-fishing of Tweed, we may say that the real

sporting-ground of Scotland lies beyond the two Friths and the wall of Antoninus; and, with the exception of the agricultural shire of Fife, there are none of the counties beyond that line in which the game and right of shooting are not now objects of considerable pecuniary value.

We have had access to some details that have been lately collected regarding the tracts let as shootings in several of those counties, from which we propose to condense for the benefit of our readers a little of the statistics of Scotch sport. Without pretending to minute accuracy, we believe our information may be generally relied on; and we trust it may not be imputed to undue egotism if we dwell at times upon matters not purely statistical, in passing through scenes always dear to us, and to which distance now lends all its enchantment.

Of Stirlingshire and Dumbarton we have the scantiest information. In the former county, grouse-shooting extending over 5000 acres is let for £40, and another range containing 3400 acres for £30 a year; while a fine range, including the whole of Ben Lomond, the territory of the Duke of Montrose, is for the most part in his grace's own occupation. As for Dumbarton, we believe the lord of the Lennox does not let his shootings; at least we have learnt nothing of rented shootings in that county. The shooting of Arran, which abounds in grouse and black-game, is entirely in the hands of the Duke of Hamilton, who rents the game of the small fragment of that picturesque island that does not belong to himself.

In Argyllshire also, the great shootings are mostly in the hands of the proprietors, but we have found a few shootings that are in use to be let in this county at the following rents:—

Bovey, 4000 acres,	Rent £120
Dalmally, 8 miles by 4,	150
Lochawe-side, 4000 acres,	50
Tyndrum, 2 to 3 miles square,	50

In all these, the rents obtained from the shooting are over and above the agricultural and pastoral rent. No difference is made in the mode of culture or pasture on account of game or sport. But in the northern district of the mainland of this great county which is more than 100 miles in length, a range of 35,000 acres is devoted to deer-forest by the Marquis of Breadalbane, and nearly as much by Mr. Campbell of Montzie, who give up all pasture rent, and in a great degree the common sport of grouse-shooting, for the sake of the deer, an animal that will not live with sheep and shepherds' dogs, and which must not be disturbed by the frequent crossing of the grouse-shooter.

Perthshire, the greatest of the highland counties, is also the greatest in amount of rent derived from shootings, notwithstanding the vast territories reserved for the great lords of the soil. In the southern part of the county, Lord Willoughby has a small deer-forest, where Prince Albert found more stags than there were in the days of Fitz-James; and in the north a large tract is devoted to the same purpose by Lord Breadalbane, besides leaving abundance of grouse-ground. The marquis' territory under deer and (mixed) grouse and sheep in this county is reckoned to extend to 153,000 acres, and to be worth £4085 of yearly game rent. After these and numerous other deductions of moors and forests not let, the extent of acres let for grouse-shooting has been computed

at 534,400, and the annual rent produced at £10,957.*

In Perthshire, therefore, the rate seems to be, on an average, 50 acres for one pound of rent. But it must be kept in view that the game-rent is in addition to the pasture-rent, and moreover, in almost all cases the tenants of the soil benefit greatly by the expenditure of the sportsmen tenants of their glens. Additional accommodation is required beyond the shooting "bothy;" extra servants, "gillies," baggage-horses, shooting ponies, to be furnished and fed. The goodwife cannot supply

* The details may be interesting to some of our readers:—

Name of Shooting.	Extent. in Acres.	Game Rent.
Blair Forest,	60,000	£2000
Fallar and Tarf,	20,000	660
Glen Bruar,	12,000	300
Dalnaspidal and Mealnalettrich,	16,000	360
Aldvouline and Clunes,	8,000	150
Glenfermate,	10,000	150
Dalnacardoch, &c.,	7,000	120
Kyrachan and Glencrombie,	7,000	105
Loch Valligan,	5,000	90
Strathtummell and Bohespec,	4,000	80
Laighwood,	4,000	70
Strowan Point,	2,000	25
Loch Ordie,	4,000	80
Grandtully,	16,000	400
Logielmond,	14,000	200
Birnam, &c.,	7,000	150
Sliesgarbh,	60,000	700
Mount Alexander,	4,000	60
Balnaguard,	4,000	100
Auchleeks, &c.,	8,000	150
Trinafour,	4,000	100
Crossmount and Garthlibnait House,	8,000	300
Glenquich,	6,000	200
Kinloch,	4,000	100
Edradour,	3,000	40
Killiehasie with Slick, &c.,	4,000	180
Foss House, &c.,	6,000	200
Slieshmein, belonging to Sir R. Menzies,	60,000	800
Duntanlich, &c.,	5,000	100
Banff,	4,000	50
Kilbride,	3,000	50
Tullymurdoch,	1,000	10
Glenlyon and Meggernay,	20,000	150
Monzie,	2,000	80
Bonskeid and Bo'rannich,	1,000	20
Glenfalloch,	10,000	80
Fincastle,	2,500	35
Tullymett,	3,000	80
Baledmund and Balnakeilly,	1,000	25
Kindroggan, Dernancan, and Woodhill,	10,000	100
Lude and Shierglass,	6,000	100
Chesthill,	3,000	70
Glengyle,	4,000	50
Glenalmond,	4,000	80
Currymuchloch and Coynachan,	5,000	70
Innerchagernie,	4,000	50
Dalguse,	1,000	20
Ardvoirlich,	5,000	100
Glenbuckie and Stronvaar,	10,000	150
Loch Gary, Kinloch, and Dalchosnie,	3,400	150
Innerchaddan,	3,000	80
Glenturrit,	5,500	250
Ochertyre,	4,500	100
Donavound,	1,500	50
Aberuchill,	3,000	90
Connachan,	5,000	130
Lochearnside,	10,000	220
Loch Katrine-Side,	8,000	150
Canoglen,	1,000	30
Fowlis Wester,	1,500	25
— Easter,	2,500	42
Abergoldie and Glenlednaig,	14,000	300

enough from her dairy and poultry-yard. The very meal and straw for the dogs, and horse corn, are all derived from the same quarter—and all to be paid for. It is remarked that small Highland farmers pay a good portion of their Martinmas rents in English sovereigns, instead of the dear, dirty notes of their own banks.

In Angus, the great lords of the Grampian glens, the Ogilvies and Lord Panmure, do not let their shootings, but are contented with such sport for themselves and their friends as can be combined with sheep-pasturing.

Aberdeenshire contains not only the highest mountain in Britain, but, if we take in a small border of Perthshire, by far the most considerable Alpine range. From Dee to Spey, from Blair to Ballater, a good day's journey in any direction, may be said to form a continued hunting-ground of the highest quality for sport. The Spey and Dee, even so high up in their course, give fair salmon-fishing. The streams which feed them, and the mountain lochs, are full of trout, which afford good sport to the angler, and are delicate on the table, though unsightly to look at. In a June evening, at the east end of Loch Tilt, we have taken trout as fast as we could throw for an hour together, (stans "lapide" in uno) sometimes two at a time, small mossy trout with unshapely heads. Loch-nan-Ean—a high mountain tarn in the wilds of Invercauld—has a better kind of trout, which the natives choose to call char. It is readily taken with fly, and is found of good size. We have eaten them at the inn of Spittal of Glenshee of a pound weight and red in the flesh, and (after a walk from Braemar) they required no sauce to make us pronounce them delicious. On the other declivity of this range, the Don rises, which for forty miles of its course gives the finest trout-fishing we know in Scotland. It is less rocky and impetuous than the Dee. Its banks are richer, and its alternate pool and gravelly stream are to the very heart's content of an angler. Time was when we have fished the Don from the "Cock Brig of Alergue," where the old military road crosses, all the way down under the ruined towers of Kildrummy, to where the ancient Culdees placed their monastery on the banks of that sweet stream among the rich meadows of Monymusk. Our way was more in the river bed than on any road, and it was superb sport. The fishing-basket each day was several times emptied of the smaller trout, and was frequently brought home filled at night with not one of less than a pound weight, some running to three pounds. The outskirts of all that wild range we have described, are perhaps on the whole the best grouse-shooting in Scotland. Lord Elcho lately shot more grouse there in one day than was ever done by one gun before; though we have heard that Mr. Campbell of Monzie has since, in a comparatively narrow beat, far exceeded that number—a feat which we should like to have recorded more accurately. As you penetrate deeper into the fastnesses you get among the great deer-glens of Mar and Athol; and, threading the streams to their heads, you find yourself rapidly leaving first grass, then heather, and lastly the lichen vegetation, where the tops of Ben Macdhui and Cairn Gorm present nothing to the foot or the eye but the débris of red granite. That is the haunt of ptarmigan. The Highlander tells you they live on stones; and it is true their crops are found to contain a quantity of pebbles, necessary for triturating the tough moss and Alpine plants that form their food.

It is long ago, but not the less fresh in our memory, when we first penetrated these mountains from the north, that is, the Spey side. It was a September morning that we rode our pony (high Glenelg from the country of his breeding) to the highest farm-house in Abernethy, where we left him to wait our return. Two active lads, sons of the tenant, were delighted to accompany us, and we were on our march when the day was still early. In those days, the lower part of the glen of Nethy was too rank heather for grouse; and for miles we passed over, scarcely letting our dogs hunt it. Towards evening we fell among several good coverts, and had abundance of sport, and more than the gillies liked to carry, before we struck the waters that run to the Awn. But our object was other game, and we were glad to find ourselves getting among the ptarmigan as night fell. A council was held to deliberate where we should sleep. We ourselves inclined for the Clach-ean, the shelter-stone on the rocky bank of Loch Awn. But it was easy to see our proposal was most distasteful to the natives. It is well enough known that the shelter-stone is under the peculiar charge of the fairy people of Glen Awn, who are pretty hospitable when a shepherd or deer-stalker is driven there by stress of weather, but will not tolerate any wanton attempt to encroach upon their protection. We have since that time passed a night there. But then, the cautious councils prevailed, and our party turned a little eastward, and made, as it got quite dark, a shealing which the shepherds of Glen Awn use for a few months in summer, situated almost at the highest "forking" of Awn, and, so far as we know, the highest inhabited house that night in Britain. It was a hut of green sod, with a roof of thin black turf. The walls were not above three feet high, and one required to enter as you do into the galleries of the pyramids. Having crept in, we were heartily welcomed by the shepherds, and after eating our supper together, (to which they contributed a piece of "mutton" marvellously like venison,) and when we had reconciled their thin active dogs to our tired pointers having a share of the heather in the corner, we lay down in our plaids round the fire of bog-fir and heather-roots, which smouldered in the midst of the hovel. The weather had changed in the course of the night, and one of our party awoke with a feeling of intense cold. He trimmed the fire, and threw upon it a bundle of wet heather, which produced at first only smoke. He had thrust his feet towards the fire, and was again asleep, when we were aroused by a shout of "fire," and found, on springing up, the roof of the bothy in a light blaze, caught from the heather thrown on the fire blazing up as it dried. To rush out was the first impulse. It was snowing, and the roof was covered with a thin coat of snow, which had no effect in checking the fire. The burn ran close by, and with our bonnets we laved up water on the low roof, and soon got the fire extinguished, but at the expense of leaving a little lake to fill the place so lately occupied by our beds. This was uncomfortable enough, and as we sat under the roof, which still sheltered us from the snow, longing for daylight, we formed certain vows against being caught bivouacking again on the "burn of the Carouries." The night had an end, and we sallied out prepared to yield to fate and the weather, and to make for the low country; when the snow suddenly ceased falling. The sun, not yet risen above our horizon, began to tinge with rose the white cairn of Cairngorm. Then

top after top caught the glow, till the whole mountains round shone in glorious light. Coming from that dark smoky cabin, the change was magical. It was perfectly still: even on the highest cliffs there was not a breath. As we walked forward, the ptarmigan crowed and rose at our feet. Taking up our dogs, we began shooting, and had several hours of very fine sport. The birds when found were generally down on the white moss beside the little streams that intersect it; but on being flushed, they took short flights and lighted on the steep *corries*, often within sight, so that "marking" was of as much importance as in a day of Norfolk partridge-shooting. In that our "henchmen" excelled, and also in directing our approaches to the game when marked. It would be a nervous sort of climbing in other circumstances, but with the game before him, a man thinks little of the danger, and really incurs less from not thinking. Before the weather changed, which it did at mid-day, our bag was well filled. We have seen many a fine day round the black rocks of Loch Awn and on the side of Cairngorm; but that morning rests brightly in our memory.

The Earl of Seafield's shootings which are let—partly in Inverness-shire, but chiefly in Moray and Banff-shires—are about 245,000 acres in extent, at rents which seem to average £1 for a hundred acres, varying from one half to two thirds of the grazing-rent of the same ground.

In Inverness-shire it has been found impossible to obtain any tolerably accurate statement of the extent of the shootings let. The whole rent derived from shootings in this large county is about £9000, exclusive however of the portion of rent which may be called the grazing-rent of deer-forests, that is, what could be obtained for the ground for sheep-pasture. The smallness of produce from this favorite county is in some degree accounted for, by several large properties, which were formerly rented for shooting, having been lately purchased by sportsmen, who now keep the game for their own use. Lord Lovat and several of the old proprietors also have large districts in their own occupation.

As the traveller journeys northward by the great highland road, and, arriving on the banks of the Spey, turns to trace down for many miles its magnificent valley, he has on his right hand the grand range of the Cairngorms, for which the light of the morning or evening sun reflected from their bare scalps of red granite has obtained from the Badenoch shepherd the name of the *Mona Ruadh* (Red Mountains;) while, to distinguish them, he calls the range on the opposite or north side of the valley, the *Mona Liadh*, or grey mountains. These last are not much seen from the road, except where they throw out into the valley the prominent heights of "Craig-dhu," once the battle-cry of the sept of Macpherson, and "Craigellachie," whose name gave the old slogan of the Grants. Behind these, rises the wild high range of the *Mona Liadh*, where the streams collect that feed the river Findhorn. It is a desolate dreary region, intersected by one or two green glens, fringed with dwarf birch and juniper, and studded thick with the "black towns," as the little clusters of turf hovels are denominated, where is seen the ancient mode of life and crowded population now banished from most of the Scotch glens. The lord of all this country is the chief of Macintosh, whose forefathers, "Captains of Clanchattan," used to draw a formidable band of followers from those glens now so quiet. It was into those fast-

nesses the unbroken and frowning body of the Highland army retreated after the defeat of Culloden; and they retreated unmolested. It was not ground for Hanoverian horse or lowland foot to give them much annoyance. For long after the rebellion, the tract was hardly visited but by the shepherds, and now and then a deer-stalker from Kingussie. Grouse were not worth killing, if the poor highlander had had the skill and the apparatus for their slaughter. Even after grouse-shooting had become somewhat fashionable, the *Mona Liadh* was neglected. No road led into its wild solitudes, and it was set down in men's minds as the interior of Africa in the old maps, where strange monsters and naked savages are painted to represent the untrodden desert. The first sportsman who penetrated the district was an adventurous officer quartered at Fort George some thirty years ago. He was hardy, and could put up with the shepherd's fare and mode of life; he found grouse in abundance, fine streams, and several lakes full of trout; roe, and a fair sprinkling of red deer, notwithstanding the constant molestation of shepherds and sheep-dogs; and he secured the exclusive sport of the whole territory, said to be 40,000 acres, for 20*l.* a-year. Times are changed in the *Mona Liadh*. A good road now leads up to the door of a comfortable shooting-box; the lease has just expired, and the "laird" proposes to divide the ground, and build another lodge five miles farther up; and as there is range for six or eight guns, he may expect 500*l.* or 600*l.* per annum for the shooting.

Passing red deer are met with on all the higher ranges of this country. But it is chiefly on the estates of Lord Lovat, Sir G. M. Grant, and Cluny, the chieftain of Macpherson, that large districts are cleared of sheep and devoted exclusively to deer. Where these deer-forests are let, the tenant of course pays the rent of the land as pasture, as well as the shooting-rent. The landlord benefits by an increased rent; the natives of the glens have no reason to complain; so far from this practice tending to dispeople the country, the very opposite is the case. Glenfeshie, a fine valley of a tributary of the Spey, was until a few years ago occupied as a sheep-farm; and an arable farm of one hundred acres round the house of Invereshie being laid down in pasture for wintering the sheep, three shepherds and a boy were all the servants then required, with the addition of a few hands at sheep-shearing. It is now let as a deer-forest. The tenant of the forest employs seven keepers on yearly wages, four watchers during the shooting-season; and an average of about a dozen "gillies." When the last tenant, Mr. Ellice, rented the forest, as many as twenty-six gillies have started on one morning from Invereshie—two attending each sportsman. The tenant and his guests require a number of ponies, which are furnished by the neighboring farmers. The arable land, instead of being kept in permanent pasture, is regularly cultivated, employing the establishment of servants and cattle required for such a farm. Another tract of Sir G. M. Grant's (the ancient forest of Gawick) is now again brought under deer, and let in the same manner.

Cluny Macpherson's deer-forest, and a large range of grouse-ground, are let to the Marquis of Abercorn, who has 40,000 acres, freed of sheep and kept for deer only. He has established his summer lodge on the lovely banks of Lochlaggan; and it may be readily imagined what advantage is

derived to a Highland glen from such an establishment. In that and many other instances, the occupant of the shootings, though only a tenant, becomes attached to the place, and either secures a long lease or makes it the interest of his landlord to keep him; thus ending the evil which sometimes results from an ephemeral occupancy, and bringing the gentry of the lodge and the people of the glen to regard each other as old friends and permanent neighbors.

Lord Lovat does not let his deer-forest of Strathfarar and Strathglas. It is rather narrow, but in some places of exquisite beauty.

From the best information we have been able to obtain, the shootings usually let in Ross-shire produce about 4000*l.* a year.

In Sutherland, which, with the exception of one or two estates of moderate size, is the property of the Duke of Sutherland, we have not heard of any shootings being let.

In Caithness, moors are let only for grouse-shooting, producing an average rent of about 1700*l.* a year. There are no deer-forests.

It is to the varied sports afforded by this wide region of moor and mountain, lake and river, that we would now introduce such of our southern readers as do not scorn our gentle guidance.

First in rank is the royal sport—the noblest of hill-craft—the chase of the red-deer. To illustrate the art of deer-stalking, Mr. Scrope has devoted his skill as an artist, and his knowledge and experience as a veteran sportsman. We have endeavored to do justice to his work on that subject in a former number (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxiii., p. 73.) He has painted deer-stalking as he enjoyed it in the Duke of Athol's forest—and in every page we recognize the hand of a thoroughbred and most gallant sportsman. The only defect is that Mr. Scrope's proceedings have usually been on the grandest scale—conducted with all the appliances of a princely establishment—no end of retainers of all classes at his disposal. Accordingly it could be but on rare occasions that he was able to exert in perfection the powers of tact and personal endurance of which some of his chapters prove him to be possessed. We are confident he would have enjoyed the sport still more than he did, had he been compelled to trust more exclusively to his own good eye and sinews. In truth, the superiority of deer-stalking over other sports lies in its calling forth and putting to the test the highest qualifications of a sportsman. To hope to succeed in it, a man must be of good constitution, patient of toil, cold, hunger, and all hardship, and not to be discouraged by ill-success. He must be active and quick of foot; he must have a keen eye and steady hand, and unshaken nerves; but, bringing all these preliminary qualifications, the young deer-stalker must still further learn to know the nature of the ground and the habits of the animal; he is to contend against the lord of the mountain. The red-deer is unmatched in strength, and speed, and endurance; he is very watchful; his sight is perfect; his hearing perfect; his sense of smell so acute that it detects the taint of a human enemy on the wind at the distance of miles. It is against these qualities and instincts, in a region best suited for their display, the deer-stalker has to match himself; and it is no inglorious triumph for human reason if he has the superiority. We think the individual exertion, the perseverance and sagacity, necessary for success when the devotee goes forth, single-

handed, are well shown in a few pages from a journal of a sportsman to which we have had access. We have used the liberty of abridging it, but have neither added nor altered anything of the sense, and can vouch for its being literally and wholly true. At the time of the adventures described, the writer was a very young man, fresh from a London life; but he was "come of a good kind," and took to the rough doings of the mountain life with that hearty enthusiasm and resolution not to be beat, which we think characteristic of Englishmen:—

"*Sunday.*—This evening, Malcolm, the shepherd of the shealing at the foot of Benmore, returning from church, reported his having crossed in the hill a track of a hart of extraordinary size. He guessed it must be 'the muckle stag of Benmore,' an animal that was seldom seen, but had long been the talk and marvel of the shepherds for its wonderful size and cunning. They love the marvellous, and in their report 'the muckle stag' bore a charmed life; he was unapproachable and invulnerable. I had heard of him too; and having taken my information, resolved to adventure to break the charm, though it should cost me a day or two.

"*Monday.*—This morning's sunrise saw me with my rifle, Donald carrying my double barrel, and Bran, on our way up the glen to the shealing at the foot of Benmore. Donald is a small wiry old Highlander, somewhat sleepy in appearance, except when game is in sight, but whose whole figure changes when a deer comes in view. I must confess, however, he had no heart for this expedition. He is not addicted to superfluous conversation, but I heard him mutter something of a 'feckless errand—as good deer nearer hame.' Bran is a favorite; he is a sort of lurcher—a cross between a high-bred highland staghound and a bloodhound; not extremely fast, but untiring, and of courage to face anything on four legs—already the victor in many a bloody tussle with hart and fox. We held generally up the glen, but turning and crossing to seek every likely corrie and burn on both sides. I shot a wild cat, stealing home to its cairn in the early morning; and we several times in the day came on deer, but they were hinds with their calves, and I was bent on higher game. As night fell, we turned down to the shealing rather disheartened; but the shepherd cheered me by assuring me the hart was still in that district, and describing his track, which he said was like that of a good heifer. Our spirits were quite restored by a meal of fresh-caught trout, oat-cake and milk, with a modicum of whiskey, which certainly was of unusual flavor and potency.

"*Tuesday.*—We were off again at daybreak. I must pass several minor adventures, but one cannot be neglected. Malcolm went with us to show where he had last seen the track. As we crossed a long reach of black and broken ground, the first ascent from the valley, two golden eagles rose out of a hollow at some distance. Their flight was lazy and heavy, as if gorged with food, and on examining the place we found the carcass of a sheep half-eaten, one of Malcolm's flock. He vowed vengeance; and, merely giving us our route, returned for a spade to dig a place of hiding near enough the carcass to enable him to have a shot if the eagles should return. We held on our way, and the greater part of the day without any luck to cheer us, my resolution 'not to be beat' a good

deal strengthened by the occasional grumbling of Donald. Towards afternoon, when we had tired ourselves with looking at every corrie in that side of the hill with our glasses, at length, in crossing a bare and boggy piece of ground, Donald suddenly stopped, with a Gaelic exclamation, and pointed—and there to be sure was a full fresh foot-print, the largest mark of a deer either of us had ever seen. There was no more grumbling. Both of us were instantly as much on the alert as when we started on our adventure. We traced the track as long as the ground would allow. Where we lost it, it seemed to point down the little burn which soon lost itself to our view in a gorge of bare rocks. We proceeded now very cautiously, and taking up our station on a concealed ledge of one of the rocks, began to search the valley below with our telescopes. It was a large flat, strewn with huge slabs of stone, and surrounded on all sides but one with dark damp rocks. At the farther end were two black lochs, connected by a sluggish stream;—beside the larger loch, a bit of coarse grass and rushes, where we could distinguish a brood of wild ducks swimming in and out. It was difficult ground to see a deer, if lying; and I had almost given up seeking, when Donald's glass became motionless, and he gave a sort of grunt as he hitched on his belly, without taking the glass from his eye. 'Ugh! I'm thinking yon's him, sir: I'm seeing his horns.' I was at first incredulous. What he showed me close to the long grass I have mentioned, looked for all the world like some withered sticks; but the doubt was short. While we gazed, he rose and commenced feeding; and at last I saw the great hart of Benmore! He was a long way off, perhaps a mile and a half, but in excellent ground for getting at him. Our plan was soon made. I was to stalk him with the rifle, while Donald, with my gun and Bran, was to get round, out of sight, to the pass by which the deer was likely to leave the valley. My task was apparently very easy. After getting down behind the rock, I had scarcely to stoop my head, but to walk up within shot, so favorable was the ground and the wind. I walked cautiously, however, and slow, to give Donald time to reach the pass. I was now within three hundred yards of him, when, as I leant against a slab of stone, all hid below my eyes, I saw him give a sudden start, stop feeding, and look round suspiciously. What a noble beast! what a stretch of antler! with a mane like a lion! He stood for a minute or two, snuffing every breath. I could not guess the cause of his alarm; it was not myself; the light wind blew fair down from him upon me. I knew Donald would give him no inkling of his whereabouts. He presently began to move, and came at a slow trot directly towards me. My pulse beat high. Another hundred yards forward, and he is mine! But it was not so to be. He took the top of a steep bank which commanded my position, and he saw me in an instant, and was off, at the speed of twenty miles an hour, to a pass wide from that where Donald was hid. While clattering up the hill, scattering the loose stones behind him, two other stags joined him, who had evidently been put up by Donald, and had given the alarm to my quarry. It was then that his great size was conspicuous. I could see with my glass they were full-grown stags, and with good heads, but they looked like fallow-deer as they followed him up the crag. I sat down, disappointed for the moment; and Donald soon joined me, much crest-fallen, and cursing the stag in a curious variety of

Gaelic oaths. Still it was something to have seen 'the muckle stag,' and *nil desperandum* was my motto. We had a long and weary walk to Malcolm's shealing; and I was glad to get to my heather bed, after arranging that I should occupy the hut Malcolm had prepared near the dead sheep next morning.

"Wednesday.—We were up an hour before daylight—and in a very dark morning I sallied out with Malcolm to take my station for a shot at the eagles. Many a stumble and slip I made during our walk, but at last I was left alone fairly enscenced, and hidden in the hut, which gave me hardly room to stand, sit, or lie. My position was not very comfortable, and the air was nipping cold just before the break of day. It was still scarcely grey dawn when a bird, with a slow, flapping flight, passed the opening of my hut, and lighted out of sight, but near, for I heard him strike the ground; and my heart beat faster. What was my disappointment when his low crowing croak announced the raven! and presently he came in sight, hopping and walking suspiciously round the sheep, till, supposing the coast clear, and little wotting of the double-barrel, he hopped upon the carcass, and began, with his square cut-and-thrust beak, to dig at the meat. Another raven soon joined him, and then two more, who, after a kind of parley, quite intelligible, though in an unknown tongue, were admitted to their share of the banquet. I was watching their voracious meal with some interest, when suddenly they set up a croak of alarm, stopped feeding, and all turned their knowing-looking eyes in one direction. At that moment I heard a sharp scream, but very distant. The black party heard it too, and instantly darted off, alighting again at a little distance. Next moment, a rushing noise, and a large body passed close to me; and the monarch of the clouds lighted at once on the sheep, with his broad breast not fifteen yards from me. He quietly folded up his wings, and, throwing back his magnificent head, looked round at the ravens, as if wondering at their impudence in approaching his breakfast-table. They kept a respectful silence, and hopped a little farther off. The royal bird then turned his head in my direction, attracted by the change of the ground which he had just noticed in the dim morning light. His bright eye that instant caught mine as it glanced along the barrel. He rose; as he rose I drew the trigger, and he fell quite dead half a dozen yards from the sheep. I followed Malcolm's directions, who had predicted that one eagle would be followed by a second, and remained quiet, in hopes that his mate was not within hearing of my shot. The morning was brightening, and I had not waited many minutes when I saw the other eagle skimming low over the brow of the hill towards me. She did not light at once. Her eye caught the change in the ground or the dead body of her mate, and she wheeled up into the air. I thought her lost to me, when presently I heard her wings brush close over my head, and then she went wheeling round and round above the dead bird, and turning her head downwards to make out what had happened. At times she stooped so low, I saw the sparkle of her eye and heard her low complaining cry. I watched the time when she turned up her wing towards me, and fired, and dropped her actually on the body of the other. I now rushed out. The last bird immediately rose to her feet, and stood gazing at me with a reproachful, half-threatening look. She would have done battle, but

death was busy with her, and, as I was loading in haste, she reeled and fell perfectly dead. Eager as I had been to do the deed, I could not look on the royal birds without a pang. But such regrets were now too late. Passing over the shepherd's rejoicing, and my incredible breakfast, we must get forward in our own great adventure. Our line of march to-day was over ground so high that we came repeatedly in the midst of ptarmigan. On the very summit, Bran had a rencontre with an old mountain fox, toothless, yet very fat, whom he made to bite the dust. We struck at one place the tracks of the three deer, but of themselves we saw nothing. We kept exploring corrie after corrie till night fell; and as it was in vain to think of returning to the shealing, which yet was the nearest roof, we were content to find a sort of niche in the rock, tolerably screened from all winds; and having almost filled it with long heather, flower up, we wrapped our plaids round us, and slept pretty comfortably.

Thursday.—A dip in the burn below our bivouac renovated me. I did not observe that Donald followed my example in that; but he joined me in a hearty attack on the viands that still remained in our bag; and we started with renewed courage. About mid-day we came on a shealing beside a long narrow loch, fringed with beautiful weeping-birches, and there we found means to cook some grouse I had shot to supply our exhausted larder. The shepherd, who had 'no Sassenach,' cheered us by his report of 'the deer' being lately seen, and describing his usual haunts. Donald was plainly getting disgusted and home-sick. For myself, I looked upon it as my fate that I must have that hart; so on we trudged. Repeatedly, that afternoon, we came on the fresh tracks of our chace, but again he remained invisible. As it got dark, the weather suddenly changed, and I was glad enough to let Donald seek for the bearings of a "whisky bothie" which he had heard of at our last stop. While he was seeking for it, the rain began to fall heavily, and through the darkness we were just able to distinguish a dark object, which turned out to be a horse. 'The lads with the still will no be far off,' said Donald. And so it turned out. But the rain had increased the darkness so much, that we should have searched in vain if I had not distinguished at intervals, between the pelting of the rain and the heavy rushing of a black burn that ran beside us, what appeared to me to be the shrill treble of a fiddle. I could scarcely believe my ears. But when I told my ideas to Donald, whose ears were less acute, he jumped with joy. 'It's all right enough; just follow the sound; it's that drunken deevil, Sandy Ross; ye'll never haud a fiddle frae him, nor him frae a whisky-still.' It was clear the sound came from across the black stream, and it looked formidable in the dark. However, there was no remedy. So grasping each the other's collar, and holding the guns high over head, we dashed in, and staggered through in safety, though the water was up to my waist, running like a mill-race, and the bottom was of round slippery stones. Scrambling up the bank, and following the merry sound, we came to what seemed a mere hole in the bank, from which it proceeded. The hole was partially closed by a door woven of heather; and, looking through it, we saw a sight worthy of Teniers. On a barrel in the midst of the apartment—half hut, half cavern—stood aloft, fiddling with all his might, the identical Sandy Ross, while round him danced three

unkempt savages; and another figure was stooping, employed over a fire in the corner, where the whisky-pot was in full operation. The fire, and a stiver or two of lighted bog-fir, gave light enough to see the whole, for the place was not above ten feet square. We made our approaches with becoming caution, and were, it is needless to say, hospitably received; for who ever heard of Highland smugglers refusing a welcome to sportsmen? We got rest, food, and fire—all that we required—and something more; for long after I had betaken me to the dry heather in the corner, I had disturbed visions of strange orgies in the bothy, and of my sober Donald exhibiting curious antics on the top of a tub. These were perhaps productions of a disturbed brain; but there is no doubt that when daylight awoke me, the smugglers and Donald were all quiet and asleep, far past my efforts to rouse them, with the exception of one who was still able to tend the fire under the large black pot.

Friday.—From the state in which my trusty companion was, with his head in a heap of ashes, I saw it would serve no purpose if I were able to awake him. He could be good for nothing all day. I therefore secured some breakfast and provisions for the day, (part of them oat-cake, which I baked for myself,) tied up Bran to wait Donald's restoration, and departed with my rifle alone. The morning was bright and beautiful, the mountain-streams overflowing with last night's rain. I was now thrown on my own resources, and my own knowledge of the country, which, to say the truth, was far from minute or exact. 'Benna-skiach' was my object to-day, and the corries which lay beyond it, where at this season the large harts were said to resort. My way at first was dreary enough, over a long slope of boggy ground, enlivened, however, by a few traces of deer having crossed, though none of my 'chace.' I at length passed the slope, and soon topped the ridge, and was repaid for my labor by a view so beautiful, I sat down to gaze, and I must even now present it to you, though anxious to get forward. Looking down into the valley before me, the foreground was a confusion of rocks of most fantastic shape, shelving rapidly to the edge of a small blue lake, the opposite shores of which was a beach of white pebbles, and beyond, a stretch of the greenest pasture, dotted with dropping white-stemmed birches. This little level was hemmed in on all sides by mountains, ridge above ridge, first closely covered with purple heath, then more green and broken by ravines, and ending in sharp serrated peaks tipped with snow. Nothing moved within range of my vision, and nothing was to be seen that bespoke life but a solitary heron standing on one leg in the shallow water at the upper end of the lake. From hence I took in a good range, but could see no deer. While I lay above the lake, the day suddenly changed, and heavy wreaths of mist came down the mountain-sides in rapid succession. They reached me soon, and I was enclosed in an atmosphere through which I could not see twenty yards. It was very cold too, and I was obliged to move, though scarcely well knowing whither. I followed the course of the lake, and afterwards of the stream which flowed from it, for some time. Now and then a grouse would rise close to me, and, flying a few yards, light again on a hillock, crowing and croaking at the intruder. The heron, in the darkness, came flapping his great wings close past me; I almost fancied I could feel their

air. Nothing could be done in such weather, and I was not sure I might not be going away from my object. It was getting late too, and I made up my mind that my most prudent plan was to arrange a bivouac before it became quite dark. My wallet was empty, except a few crumbs, the remains of my morning's baking. It was necessary to provide food; and just as the necessity occurred to me, I heard through the mist the call of a cock grouse as he lighted close to me. I contrived to get his head between me and the sky as he was strutting and croaking on a hillock close at hand; and aiming at where his body ought to be, I fired my rifle. On going up to the place, I found I had not only killed him, but also his mate, whom I had not seen. It was a commencement of good luck. Sitting down, I speedily skinned my birds, and took them down to the burn to wash them before cooking. In crossing a sandy spot beside the burn, I came upon—could I believe my eyes!—‘the Track.’ Like Robinson Crusoe in the same circumstances, I started back; but was speedily at work taking my informations. There were prints enough to show the hart had crossed at a walk leisurely. It must have been lately, for it was since the burn had returned to its natural size, after the last night's flood. But nothing could be done till morning, so I set about my cooking; and having after some time succeeded in lighting a fire, while my grouse were slowly broiling, I pulled a quantity of heather, which I spread in a corner a little protected by an overhanging rock: I spread my plaid upon it, and over the plaid built another layer of heather. My supper ended, which was not epicurean, I crawled into my nest under my plaid, and was soon sound asleep. I cannot say my slumbers were unbroken. Visions of the great stag thundering up the hills with preternatural speed, and noises like cannon, (which I have since learnt to attribute to their true cause—the splitting of fragments of rock under a sudden change from wet to sharp frost,) and above all, the constant recurrence of weary struggles through fields of snow and ice—kept me restless, and at length awoke me to the consciousness of a brilliant skylight and keen frost—a change that rejoiced me in spite of the cold.

“*Saturday.*—Need I say my first object was to go down and examine the track anew. There was no mistake. It was impossible to doubt that ‘the muckle hart of Benmore’ had actually walked through that burn a few hours before me, and in the same direction. I followed the direction of the track, and breasted the opposite hill. Looking round from its summit, it appeared to me a familiar scene, and on considering a moment, I found I overlooked from a different quarter the very rocky plain and two black lochs where I had seen my chace three days before. I had not gazed many minutes when I made sure I distinguished a deer lying on a black hillock quite open. I was down immediately, and with my glass made out at once the object of all my wanderings. My joy was somewhat abated by his position, which was not easily approachable. My first object, however, was to withdraw myself out of his sight, which I did by crawling backwards down a little bank till only the tops of his horns were visible, which served to show me he continued still. As he lay looking towards me, he commanded with his eye three fourths of the circle, and the other quarter, where one might have got in upon him under cover of the little hillock, was unsafe from the wind blowing in that direction. A burn ran between him

and me, one turn of which seemed to come within two hundred yards of him. It was my only chance, so, retreating about half a mile, I got into the burn in hidden ground, and then crept up its channel with such caution that I never allowed myself a sight of more than the tips of his horns, till I had reached the nearest bend to him. There, looking through a tuft of rushes, I had a perfect view of the noble animal, lying on the open hillock, lazily stretched out at length, and only moving now and then to scratch his flank with his horn. I watched him for fully an hour, the water up to my knees all the time. At length he stirred, gathered his legs together, and arose; and arching his back, he stretched himself just as a bullock does, rising from his night's lair. My heart throbbed, as turning all round he seemed to try the wind for his security, and then walked straight to the burn at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from me. I was much tempted, but had resolution to reserve my fire, reflecting I had but one barrel. He went into the burn at a deep pool, and standing in it up to his knees, took a long drink. I stooped to put on a new copper cap and prick the nipple of my rifle, and—on looking up again, he was gone! I was in despair, and was even about moving rashly, when I saw his horns again appear a little farther off, but not more than fifty yards from the burn. By-and-by they lowered, and I judged he was lying down. “You are mine at last,” I said, and I crept cautiously up the bed of the burn till I was opposite where he had lain down. I carefully and inch by inch placed my rifle over the bank of the burn, and then ventured to look along it. I could see only his horns, but within an easy shot. I was afraid to move higher up the bed of the burn, where I could have seen his body; the direction of the wind made that dangerous. I took breath for a moment and screwed up my nerves, and then with my cocked rifle at my shoulder and my finger on the trigger, I kicked a stone which splashed into the water. He started up instantly, but exposed only his front towards me. Still he was very near, scarcely fifty yards, and I fired at his throat just where it joins the head. He dropped on his knees to my shot, but was up again in a moment and went staggering up the hill. Oh, for one hour of Bran! Although the deer kept a mad pace, I saw he was soon too weak for the hill, and he swerved and turned back to the burn, and came headlong down within ten yards of me, tumbling into it apparently dead. Feeling confident, from the place where my ball had taken effect, that he was dead, I threw down my rifle and went up to the deer with my hunting-knife. I found him stretched out, and as I thought dying, and I laid hold of his horns to raise his head to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backwards on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me was a steep bank of seven or eight feet high; before me the bleeding stag with his horns levelled at me, and cutting me off from my rifle. In desperation I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately tumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram about to butt, and then stood still with his head lowered, and his eyes bloody and swelled, glaring upon me. His mane and all his coat were dripping with blood and water, and as he now and then tossed his head with an angry snort, he looked like some savage beast of prey. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till I, recovering myself, jumped out of the burn

so suddenly, that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above, I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear. The poor beast struggled desperately, and his remaining strength foiled me in every attempt to stab him forwards, and he at length made off, tumbling me down, but carrying with him a stab in the leg that lamed him. I ran and picked up my rifle, and then kept him in view as he rushed down the burn on three legs towards the loch. He took the water and stood at bay up to his chest in it. When he halted, I commenced loading my rifle, when to my dismay I found that all the remaining balls I had were for my double-barrel, and were a size too large for my rifle. I sat down and commenced scraping one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. At last I succeeded; and, having loaded, the poor stag remaining perfectly still, I went up within twenty yards of him, and shot him through the head. He turned over and floated, perfectly dead. I waded in and floated him ashore, and then had leisure to look at my wounds and bruises of the fight, which were not serious, except my shin-bone, scraped from ankle to knee with the horn. I soon had cleaned my quarry and stowed him as safely as I could, and then turned down the glen at a gay pace. I found Donald with Bran reposing at Malcolm's shealing; and for all reproaches on his misconduct, I was satisfied with sending him in person to bring home the 'Muckle hart of Benmore,' a duty which he successfully performed before night-fall."

In giving the preference to the true deer-stalking, the sport that brings man's sense in fair opposition to the instinct of the brute, we must not be supposed to have overlooked Mr. Archibald M'Neill of Colonsay's picturesque description of a very exciting sport, as practised by his brothers and himself in the forest of Jura—the coursing of red-deer with a large rough greyhound—"the noblest of all the Highland sports," as the zealous Hebridean, with allowable partiality, styles it.* We have not enjoyed all Mr. M'Neill's advantages; but we have seen red-deer pulled down in gallant style by dogs of an ancient Skye breed; and it seems to us there are wanting some particulars to render this sport the noblest of all. In the first place, the ground being unfit for a horse at speed, the course can rarely be seen through all its length. Secondly, the risk of injury to the dogs is too great. What would an English lover of coursing think of a sport where the chance seems pretty even that a dog shall be killed or maimed in every course! Lastly, though we freely admit the skill in laying on the dogs, the exertion and the merit are, after all, more in the dogs than in the men.

One word in passing, of the noble race of dogs to which Mr. M'Neill has turned his attention, just in time to save it from extinction; and has at the same time bestowed some research in tracing their pedigree. Arrian remarks that Xenophon, in his work on hunting, had omitted some things—οὐ γὰρ ἀμέλεις ἀλλ' ἀγροῖαί του γένους των κυνῶν του Κελτικου καὶ του γένους των ἑλλαν του Σκυθικου τε καὶ Αἰθιοκου. (cap. i.) Those Celtic dogs, he afterwards informs us, were called in the language of the Celts οὐτεργοι, from their swiftness—ἀπὸ τῆς ἀκρότητος, and he describes them as καλὸν τι κρέμα—and, the highest breed of them, in eye, shape, and coat, a

* See Scrope's *Deer-Stalking*, chap. xii.

treat to a sportsman's eye, ἡδιστον θεαμα ἀνδρὶ θηρευτικῷ. (cap. iii.) These appear, however, to have been very distinct from the great Highland hound, and to have been rather the progenitors of the smooth greyhound, and perhaps of the long silky-haired greyhound still used in Persia and Greece. The great greyhound of Ireland and Scotland was long used against the wolf as well as the deer; and it was when the former enemy disappeared, and the latter became scarce and more easily obtained by new inventions, that these noble dogs were neglected and allowed to decay. Now that deer are no longer so scarce, all sportsmen must feel grateful to those who have saved the race from extinction. Capt. M'Neill's dog "Buskar," of a pale yellow, with wiry hair, measured in height at the shoulder twenty-eight inches; in girth of chest, thirty-two inches; and his weight, when in running condition, was eighty-five pounds. Taken altogether, we think this is the noblest specimen of the canine family in Britain. We do not except even the grand old English mastiffs at Chatsworth.

Mr. Scrope's book, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, has done for the sport of salmon-fishing what its predecessor performed for deer-stalking. He has given the latest facts and theories regarding the breeding and progressive stages of the fish, whose natural history still wants further investigation; and it is a reproach to Scotland to allow any doubt to hang over a subject of such interest and importance. He has also given all necessary information for the salmon-fisher *in genere*, and particularly what is applicable to his two favorites, the Tweed and Tay; and he has embellished his book with the taste which we had a right to expect from such an artist and patron of art. If we were disposed to find fault with these two books, both so agreeable, we should venture to hint, that Mr. Scrope has not always caught the vein of Scotch character and humor, and that his narratives are in general better than the dialogues which he means to exhibit it. It is indeed a dangerous thing to meddle with. At the same time there are specimens to which we can offer no objection whatever. In particular, Sir Walter Scott's trusty henchman *Tom Purdie*, with whom Mr. Scrope was long familiar, seems to us to sustain his part exceedingly well: and it is, we know, admitted in Tiviotdale that in this case we have a true as well as striking portraiture.

Mr. Scrope was an angler from his childhood, and some of his early experiences are picturesquely told in this volume:—

"When I could escape control, I divided my time between the water and the meadows; in warm weather the water, in cold the land possessed me. Then I began to tamper with the minnows; and, growing more ambitious, after a sleepless night full of high contrivance, I betook me at early dawn to a wood near the house, where I selected some of the straightest hazel sticks I could find, which I tied together and christened a fishing rod: a rude and uncouth weapon it was. I next sought out *Phyllis*, a favorite cow so called, in order to have a pluck at her tail to make a line with. But *Phyllis* was coy, and withheld her consent to spoliation; for when I got hold of her posterior honors, she galloped off, dragging me along, tail in hand, till she left me deposited in a water-course amongst the frogs. The dairy-maid, I think, would have overcome this difficulty for me, had I not discovered that horse-hair, and not

cow's tail, was the proper material for fishing-lines; so the coachman, who was much my friend, plucked *Champion* and *Dumplin*, at my request, and gave me as much hair (black enough to be sure) as would make a dozen lines. For three whole days did I twist and weave like the Fates, and for three whole nights did I dream of my work. Some rusty hooks I had originally in my possession, which I found in an old fishing-book belonging to my ancestors. In fact, I did not put the hook to the rod and line, but my rod and line to the hook. I next proceeded to the pigeon-house, and picking some coarse feathers, made what I alone in the wide world would have thought it becoming to have called a fly; but call it so I did, in spite of contradictory evidence. Thus equipped I proceeded to try my skill; but exert myself as I would, the line had domestic qualities, and was resolved to stay at home. I never could get it fairly away from the hazel sticks; therefore it was that I hooked no fish. But I hooked myself three times: once in the knee-strings of my shorts, once in the nostril, and again in the lobe of the ear. At length, after sundry days of fruitless effort, like an infant Belial, I attempted that by guile which I could not do by force; and dropping my fly with my hand under a steep bank of the stream, I walked up and down trailing it along. After about a week's perseverance, I actually caught a trout. Shade of Izaak Walton, what a triumph was there! That day I could not eat—that night I slept not. Even now I recollect the spot where that generous fish devoted himself.

"As I grew up I became gradually more expert, and at length saved money sufficient to buy a real fishing-rod, line, reel and all, quite complete. Down it came from London, resplendent with varnish, and many cunning feats did I perform with it. About this time I learned to shoot; not that I was strong enough to hold a gun, but that the keeper put the said implement to his shoulder, when I took aim at larks and sparrows, and those sort of things, and pulled the trigger. So I waxed in years and wisdom. All the time I could steal from my lessons (for I was not quite a Pawnee) I spent in this edifying manner.

"At a rather more advanced period of my life I used to make long fishing excursions, generally with prosperous, but occasionally with disastrous, results. I remember well, when a pair of bait-hooks was to me a valuable concern, I hooked two large black-looking trouts in a deep pool at the same time. As I had to pull them several feet upwards against the pressure of the stream, my line gave way, and left me proprietor of a small fragment only. For some time I looked alternately at my widowed rod and my departed fish; which last were coursing it round and round the pool, pulling in opposite directions, like coupled dogs of dissenting opinions: *Durum—sed levius fit patientiâ*. So I sat down with somewhat of a rueful countenance, and began to spin with my fingers some horse-hair which I had pulled that morning, at the risk of my life, from the grey colt's tail. This being done in my own peculiar manner, and my only remaining hook being tied on with one of the aforesaid hairs, I continued to follow my sport down the stream for about half a mile. After the lapse of a considerable time, I had occasion to cross bare-legged from one bank to the other. In my transit through the current, I found something like

a sharp instrument cutting the calves of my legs. I scampered ashore, under the impression that I was trailing after me some sharp-toothed monster, perhaps a lamper-eel; when, upon passing down my hand to ascertain the fact, I found, to my great astonishment and delight, that I was once more in possession of my lost line, hooks, fish, and all. The fish had fairly drowned each other, and, by a curious coincidence, were passively passing in the current at the time my legs stemmed it. Originally I had what in Scotland is called a *poke*, or bag, to carry my trouts in. This being rather of a coarse appearance, I panted after a basket. One of my school-fellows had exactly the thing; and I bargained for it by giving in return all my personal right in perpetuity to two young hawks. Proud of my acquisition, I set out with no small share of vanity, carrying my basket through the whole length of a neighboring village, which was considerably out of the way. When I arrived at the happy spot where my sport lay, I was successful as usual. At length the declining sun admonished me of some ten miles betwixt me and home; so I resolved only to take a few casts in a dark and deep pool which was close at hand, and then to bend my course homeward. There I hooked a fine fish, which I was obliged to play for some time, and then, after he was fairly tired, to lift out with my hands, not having yet arrived at the dignity of a landing-net. In stooping low to perform this process, the lid of my new pet basket, which, from want of experience, I had omitted to fasten, flew open, and two or three of my last-killed fish dropped into the deep water immediately before me. In suddenly reaching forward to secure these, round came my basket, fish and all, over my head, and fairly capsized me. With some difficulty, and even risk of drowning, I got my head above water, and my hand on the crown of a sharp rock. There I stood, streaming and disconsolate, casting a wistful look at the late bright inmates of my basket, which were tilting down the weeds through the gullet into a tremendous pool, vulgarly called Hell's Cauldron."—p. 75.

Such was the infant angler. A scene in his maturer life reveals him to us, now smitten with the love of Scotch salmon fishing, on the banks of "fair Tweed" at the "cast" of the Kingswell Lees:—

"Now every one knows that the Kingswell Lees, in fisherman's phrase, fishes off land; so there I stood on *terrâ durâ* amongst the rocks that dip down to the water's edge. Having executed one or two throws, there comes me a voracious fish, and makes a startling dash at 'Meg with the muckle mouth.' Sharply did I strike the catiff; whereat he rolled round disdainful, making a whirl in the water of prodigious circumference: it was not exactly Charybdis, or the Maelstrom, but rather more like the wave occasioned by the sudden turning of a man-of-war's boat. Being hooked, and having by this turn set his nose peremptorily down the stream, he flashed and whizzed away like a rocket. My situation partook of the nature of a surprise. Being on a rocky shore, and having a bad start, I lost ground at first considerably; but the reel sang out joyously, and yielded a liberal length of line, that saved me from the disgrace of being broke. I got on, the best pace I was able, and was on good ground, just as my line was nearly run out. As the powerful animal darted through *Meg's Hole*, I was just able to step back and wind up a few yards of line; but he still

went a killing pace, and when he came near Melrose Bridge he evinced a distressing preference for passing through the farther arch, in which case my line would have been cut by the pier. My heart sank with apprehension, for he was near the opposite bank. Purdie, seeing this, with great presence of mind took up some stones from the channel, and threw them one by one between the fish and the said opposite bank. This naturally brought master Salmo somewhat nearer; but still for a few moments we had a doubtful struggle for it. At length, by lowering the head of the rod, and thus not having so much of the ponderous weight of the fish to encounter, I towed him a little sideways; and so advancing towards me with propitious fin, he shot through the arch nearest me.

"Deeply immersed, I dashed after him as best I might; and arriving on the other side of the bridge I floundered out upon dry land, and continued the chase. The salmon, 'right orgillous and presumptive,' still kept the strength of the stream, and abating nothing of his vigor, went swiftly down the *Whirls*, then through the *Boat-shiel*, and over the shallows, till he came to the throat of the *Elm-Wheel*, down which he darted amain. Owing to the bad ground, the pace here became exceedingly distressing. I contrived, however, to keep company with my fish, still doubtful of the result, till I came to the bottom of the long cast in question, when he still showed fight, and sought the shallows below. Unhappily the alders prevented my following by land, and I was compelled to take the water again, which slackened my speed. But the stream soon expanding and the current diminishing, my fish likewise travelled more slowly; so I gave a few sobs and recovered my wind a little, gathered up my line, and tried to bring him to terms. But he derided my efforts, and dashed off for another burst, triumphant. Not far below lay the rapids of the *Slaughterford*: he would soon gain them at the pace he was going, that was certain; see, he is there already! But I back out again on dry land, nothing loth, and have a fair race with him. Sore work it is. I am a pretty fair runner, as has often been testified; but his velocity is surprising. On, on—still on he goes, ploughing up the water like a steamer. 'Away with you, Charlie! Quick, quick, man—quick for your life! Loosen the boat at the Cauld Pool, where we shall soon be.' And so indeed we were, when I jumped into the said craft, still having good hold of my fish.

"The Tweed is here broad and deep, and the salmon at length had become somewhat exhausted; he still kept in the strength of the stream, however, with his nose seawards, and hung heavily. At last he comes near the surface of the water. See how he shakes his tail and digs downwards, seeking the deep profound—that he will never gain. His motions become more short and feeble; he is evidently doomed, and his race well nigh finished. Drawn into the bare water, and not approving of the extended cleik, he makes another swift rush, and repeats this effort each time that he is towed to the shallows. At length he is cleiked in earnest, and hauled to shore: he proves one of the grey scull, newly run, and weighs somewhat above twenty pounds. The hook is not in his mouth, but in the outside of it; in which case a fish being able to respire freely, always shows extraordinary vigor, and generally sets his head down the stream."—p. 171.

This is very spirited, and Mr. Scrope's description of "Burning the Water," as spearing salmon by torch-light is called, is equally so; indeed it would be easy for us to fill twenty of our voracious pages with charming extracts; but we cannot at present afford room for more.

We confess our heresy! We do not value "the best salmon-fishing in Scotland." A man may kill his twenty fish in "the Kelso water," and dine upon one at the King's Arms afterwards, and declare, as he sips his wine, he has had a glorious day's sport. Compared with the fishing in the "far north," it is like a day of pigeon-shooting at the Red House compared with ptarmigan-shooting on Cairn-gorm.

Happy the man who can cast off his town coat and town habits, and turn his course northwards during the month of May, and say, "I will return when I see good." It would require the pen of inimitable "Christopher of the Sporting Jacket" to describe his feelings. With what delight, with what boyish eagerness, does he hasten for the first time in the season, to the banks of his remote Highland river; and visit every familiar pool and stream where he has of old slain the bright salmon! Every rock, every stunted oak bears the impress of an old friend. Each is associated with the memory of some adventure, some success or danger. Let us follow him to the banks of the Findhorn. But let not the word "banks" mislead. These are no banks of soft grass or sloping gravel. Where we have placed our angler, the river is hemmed in by high, black rocks, fringed at the top with the weeping-birch and birdcherry with its clustered flowers now perfuming the whole air. An almost imperceptible path leads down the rock to that black eddying pool, and thither our angler must scramble his descent. It is perilous footing, but he knows every step, and takes advantage of each hanging root and spray, and at length he stands safe on a rugged ledge a few feet above the water where it rushes in a coffee-colored cataract into the black pool. Now, then, throw your fly into the strong current, and bring it back gently till it float quietly round that sunken stone, whose top makes a dimple in the smoother water. If a fish will rise in the pool, that is the spot. That was well done; but no rise yet;—try again. There, now! the fish, "the monarch of the pool," rises from his dark chamber, balances himself for an instant opposite your fly—darts at it, and then turns quietly away—safely hooked, however. Ah! he feels himself caught, and off he goes! Now look to your footing, or you are off too, from that ledge into the river below, where the salmon would have the best of it. But our angler is ready for all events, and keeps his head, while the fish darts first up the pool, then down it like lightning, now running out a hundred yards of line, now close at his feet. If the line slacken for a moment, he is off; but no—well done!—all is safe still. There he goes, right across the river, making twenty leaps into the air as quick as thought! If you get him safe through that, you may hope to kill him. Now his jumping is over, and he makes for the head of the pool, as if he would try the fall. But it is too heavy for him, and he turns down stream again, and, splashing and floundering, he perseveres steadily downwards. You cannot resist him; you must follow—with as short a line as you can—but follow you must. Scramble round that point of rock, holding on as you best may; you know the crevice that gives one sure hold for

the hand; but don't slip, or you are drowned. There goes the fish, still straight downwards, rolling through the fall where the river again thunders out of the black pool. Well done! cleverly round the point! but you must still hold on, the fish has now a long stretch of tolerably even water, and is still making down the stream. At length you are on a level, with standing room nearly two yards square; now is the time to collect the nerves, and prepare for the last tussle. Feel his strength a little, and try to wind him up towards you. See! he begins to get tired, and shows his white side, and, better symptom still, I see the gillie preparing his gaff. There is a shelving slab of rock, and under it the gaffer has ensconced himself. You haul him up there close to the rock within reach of the clip. Now, gillie, gently! Take care you don't touch the line. No fear!—There he is, with the clip through his silvery side, safely landed!

Rushing down between the forests of Darnaway and Altyre, the Findhorn makes a continual succession of rapids and falls. How the salmon make their way up is most wonderful; but yet they do so, and rest but little on the way, till they reach the very head of the river among the wilds of the Mona-liadh. Few indeed live to return, the greater part being speared by torch-light, in spite of the water-bailiffs.

It is certainly astonishing what a supply of salmon is extracted from many of our northern rivers, notwithstanding their numerous enemies. What are killed by rod and line, by the *leister* (or harpoon) of the *black fisher*, and even by the more wholesale destruction of the net, are few in comparison with what are destroyed by their natural enemies—fish, bird, and beast. The full-grown salmon falls a prey in great numbers to seals in the sea, and otters in fresh water. The osprey sometimes attacks and kills salmon, though probably this kind of eagle cannot carry off a whole fish of great size. Thousands of gulls and sea-fowl feed for weeks on the fry as they descend the rivers to the sea. Common trout and eels, and the voracious heron also, feed on them while in the fresh water. The spawn is destroyed in prodigious quantities by fish of all kinds and by many birds. The water-ouzel is particularly destructive of them. This pretty little bird walks under the water, (although Mr. Waterton denies it,) and scratches up and feeds on the spawn, sending adrift great quantities that it does not devour.

Though enough has been written of grouse-shooting, we cannot pass it by altogether. The red-grouse is found in no other part of the world but these islands. Other countries would seem equally adapted for it, both as to food and climate, but the common red-grouse crows on no hills but our own. Its eggs are generally laid in a tuft of high heather, and the hen, sitting very close, is often killed by dogs or vermin. When hatched, both cock and hen take the greatest care of the young, and will fight crow or hawk courageously in their defence. We have seen the cock-grouse keep a hooded crow at bay while the hen led the young off and concealed them in the rank heather. Their food consists almost entirely of the young shoots of the heather, till oats are ripe, when, if there are any patches near, they are very greedy of it. Everybody knows how tame the birds are during the season when the youthful sportsman loves to see his deeds—the numbers of his slain—recorded in the newspapers. But that seldom lasts

long. In most districts and in common seasons, the grouse is shy and watchful in September, and wild in October. When they pack in large flocks, at the approach of storm and wet, they are quite unapproachable, except by stalking, and keep so good a look-out, that even that is difficult. It is in a September day the sport of grouse-shooting is seen to most advantage, and the real sportsman contrasts best with the shooter who can use his gun, but is wanting in judgment, patience, and knowledge of the game and ground. Even if full-grown in August, they are changing their plumage and looking ragged. Nothing can be more thoroughly high-bred in looks than a grouse in September.

It were a long roll to enumerate all the enemies of the poor grouse. We may give the first place in honor, certainly not in amount of slaughter, to the double-barrel of the fair sportsman. Then come the poachers of every denomination, from the gang who cross a country in strength, prepared to resist all interruption, to the cottar's boy who snares the grouse on the late sheaves with a gin of horse-hair. We might estimate the amount of poaching if we could reckon the amount of game passing through the shops of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen. We may be satisfied that at least nine tenths are poached, the small remainder being sent for sale by the few persons who, having moors of their own, or renting shooting-ground, choose to sell their game. Then comes the catalogue of "vermin," ground and winged, who feed themselves and their young altogether or partly on grouse and grouse-eggs. Hawks of all sorts, from the eagle to the merlin, destroy numbers. The worst of the family, and the most difficult to be destroyed, is the hen-harrier. Living wholly on birds of his own killing, he will come to no laid bait: and hunting in an open country, he is rarely approached near enough to be shot: skimming low, and quartering his ground like a well-trained pointer, he finds almost every bird, and with sure aim strikes down all he finds. The buzzard-hawk seldom takes any but very young birds, but immense numbers of young grouse go to feed his family. Then come the raven and the hooded-crow, numbers of which breed in the rocky burns and fir-woods adjoining the grouse-moors, and live mostly on grouse. Foxes, marten-cats, weasels, cats, wild and tame, all hunt for grouse; and the hungry shepherd's dog, always on the hill, does as much as any of them. Be it remembered, these enemies do not respect the close time. A hen sitting on her eggs is easily approached, and whether the mother is eaten or only the eggs, the hope of that brood perishes equally. The very sheep, driven in great flocks, often break the eggs, while the shepherds' boys must require a good many to furnish the strings of them one meets in every cottage window. (We do not wonder at the little vagabonds for admiring them. They are beautifully marked with brown and black, and as game-looking as the bird, the rich red brown of the shell being very like its feathers.) It speaks the hardness of the bird that he continues to exist under such persecution. But the grouse not only maintains its numbers; it is increasing. Some proprietors were at first alarmed at the numbers slain by eager Southrons; but now they admit that there is no number which the fair sportsman can kill that is not more than counter-balanced by the trapping of vermin, and preserving, now introduced.

Grouse and salmon are the staple of Highland sport, the everyday enjoyment. Ptarmigan is only found in ground so high and distant, and in a region of such uncertain clime, it must not be relied on for a day of sport. In the best forest, deer-stalking gives more blanks than prizes. Trout-fishing, again, everywhere abundant, is nowhere so much better than is found in many districts of England, as to tempt Southern sportsmen to travel so far.

But let it not be thought that these are the only sports of the mountains. There is capital snipe-shooting in the mosses and by inland lochs, at a season when snipe are not met with in England. There is wood-shooting of more variety than England can boast; even if no pheasants swell the *battue*, black-cock, woodcock, hare, rabbit, roe, and often the red deer, are the produce of a lucky day of Highland wood-sport. Most other kinds of shooting are enjoyed at least as well singly, whilst this is distinctively a social sport. There is nothing more cheerful than one of those days, late in the season, when half-a-dozen friends meet at breakfast, and adjourn to the covert side, attended by a couple of old slow hounds, and a few terriers or spaniels. The sharp bracing air, the grass just crisped with frost, the bright sky, the woods ringing to the chiding of dogs, from the shrill squeak of the cocker to the bay of the deep-mouthed hound, the occasional shout of beaters as they flush the game, the pleasant uncertainty of what is to be the next to shoot at—all tend to make this one of the most exhilarating of sports.

Then, on inland lakes, and still more on those sea-lochs of the western coast—those inlets of indescribable beauty, where the weeping-birch and ash drop their tresses from every rocky headland into the deep, and the ocean-stream winds its blue length round some shadowy mountain in the distance, giving dim visions of mysterious solitude and romance—there are sports on a new element. Wild-fowl are there in abundance, stimulating the ingenuity of the sportsman to devise how to approach them. Sea-fishing is at least a variety of occupation, and one which the housekeeper much approves. Shooting and *hunting* seals (for the latter term suits the practice of some districts) is interesting, and sometimes very exciting, while you persuade yourself you are acting only for the protection of fish in warring against their voracious enemy.

When other sports fail, let the young sportsman fare forth alone, or with some skilful trapper, to make himself acquainted with the habit of what the keeper styles "vermin"—foes to the game and to him. He will soon find wherewith to repay the trouble of his observation. Many men walk in deep covert, or among the confused rocks of mountain cairn, and fancy all around a solitude, or that the air alone is inhabited by its buzzing, shining people; while he whose eyes and ears have been opened, finds proofs of the neighborhood of interesting inhabitants in the foot-prints that mark the soft mud or the sandy watercourse—in the oak-twigs nibbled so high that only deer could reach them—in the scratching of the green moss, which marks the couch of the roe—in the track, beaten like a highway, of the badger. Every old wall, every rocky burn is full of weasels; and the polecat and martin may be tracked by their prints as surely as the fox or deer. At night there is the wail of the wild-cat, the sharp barking of foxes, and all the sounds peculiar to the birds of night.

Let us take a glance at the otter, by far the most destructive enemy of the grown salmon, and spoiling most effectually the angler's sport; for when you find the fresh trail of an otter about a pool in the morning, you need not fish it for hours; not a fish will stir; so much has their enemy frightened those he has not destroyed. He is a silent and seldom seen creature, whose habits are but little known. An unobservant angler may fish a whole season on a river swarming with otters, and never see one. Keeping perfectly quiet all day in a concealed hole, having perhaps its only entrance under water, he issues out after dusk, and glides like a ghost down the river to feed. He is an epicure in his diet, and kills many salmon for a single meal, eating only a morsel under the throat, and leaving the remainder for crows and ravens. Indeed, the lordly eagle does not disdain the leavings of the otter. The largest we have ever seen was shot while feeding on a salmon killed by an otter. It was a white-tailed eagle; but the golden eagle has the same taste in this respect. When he has fed to satiety, the otter returns as noiselessly to his den as he left it, and generally before daylight. Still, an otter is sometimes seen in the day-time. If you come upon him on the bank unawares, he instantly glides into the water, making scarcely a ripple, and sinking quietly to the bottom, lies looking like a log of wood till you pass, when, rising, he gets his nose above water among weeds or branches, or in the concealment of some overhanging bank. Then, if you have your gun, rush by a circuit to the shallow at the tail of the stream, and wait patiently; for he will undoubtedly show himself there if you remain quiet. When disturbed, they take down stream, seeming to know that, floating down it they are less conspicuous than if swimming against it. Down he comes, drifting mostly under water, looking like a rag, or a bundle of weeds, till the water becomes so shallow that he must needs foot it; and then he walks quietly, as he does everything. Then you have him at your mercy. But woe to the dog that attacks him! The teeth of the otter close on him and hold on with the grip of a bull-dog. Their sense of smell is very acute. Sometimes, when suspecting danger, but not too much alarmed, the otter will lift himself half out of the water, and standing as it were upright, watch for a time in the direction he expects an enemy, then sink without the smallest splash. It is in this attitude that he has furnished the prototype to the superstitious Highlander, of the "kelpie" or water-spirit. Otters are very affectionate, and laying down a dead one on the river bank is a sure way of attracting other otters to the place. If caught young, no animal is more easily tamed, and they may be trained to fish for their master. Though the otter will seldom come to a bait, he is easily trapped, from his habit of coming out of the water generally at the same places. Your trap must be strong, however, and firmly fixed, unless you prefer attaching it to a log, which the poor beast, when caught, drags into the river, and which, floating on the stream, generally drowns him, but surely shows his position. Audubon, who knew the creature's habits well, has painted an otter in the act of gnawing off its leg to liberate itself from a trap.

In Scotland the fox holds the first place among "vermin." We do not think a mountain-fox would live long before a pack of regular fox-hounds, but certainly in his own country he is as able to take care of himself as his English cousin.

What a handsome powerful fellow he is, more like a wolf than a Lowland fox in size and strength! and well may he show such signs of feeding, since his food consists of mutton and lamb, grouse and venison. His stronghold is under the same huge cairn, or among the fragments that strew the bottom of some rocky precipice, perhaps three thousand feet above the sea. In those mountain solitudes he does not confine his depredations to the night; we have encountered him often in broad daylight, and through our deer-glass have watched his manner of hunting the ptarmigan, which is not so neat, but appears quite as successful, as the tactics of the cat. By an unobservant eye, the track of a fox is readily mistaken for that of a dog. The print is somewhat rounder, but the chief difference is the superior neatness of the impression, and the exactness of the steps, the hind-foot just covering the print of the fore-foot; compared with the dog's track, there is much the same difference as a back-woodsman distinguishes between the footstep of an Indian and that of a white man. The fox makes free with a great variety of game, and the demands of his nursery require a plentiful supply. In the hills he lives on lambs, sheep, grouse, and ptarmigan; in the low country, the staple of his prey is rabbits, where these are plentiful; but nothing comes amiss, from the field-mouse upwards. The most wary birds, the wood pigeon and the wild duck do not escape him. He destroys a considerable number of the young of the roe. The honey of the wild bee is a favorite delicacy; and vermin-trappers have found no bait more effective to lure him than a piece of honey-comb. His nose is very fine, and he detects the taint of human footstep or hand, for days after it has been communicated. Several ways are tried for evading his suspicions. Some trappers place three or four traps in a circle, and leave them well covered for some days without any bait, and at the end of that time, when all taint must have left the traps, they place a bait in the centre. Another way is to place the traps in shallow water, and a bait on some bank where he cannot reach it without running a good chance of treading on them. Even when the enemy is in the trap, the victory is not won, and if the fox escapes, whether whole or maimed, after being trapped, he is too well warned ever to be caught again. Altogether, trapping has never been very successfully practised against the fox in the Highlands, and the old native practice of "fox-hunting" is still much preferred.

Of all ways of earning a livelihood, perhaps there is none that requires a greater degree of hardihood and acuteness than the trade of a vermin-killer in the Highlands—meaning by "vermin," not magpies, crows, and "such small deer," but the stronger and wilder carnivorous natives of the mountain and forest—the enemies of the sheep and lambs. In the Highlands he is honored with the title of "The Fox-hunter;" but the Highland fox-hunter leads a different life, and heads a different establishment, from him of Leicestershire. You come upon him in some wild glen; and in another country you might start with some misgiving at his personal appearance. He is a wiry active man, past middle age, slung round with pouches and belts for carrying the utensils of his trade; on his head a huge cap of badger-skin, and over his shoulder a long-barrelled fowling-piece. At his feet follow three couple of strong gaunt slow-hounds, a brace of greyhounds, rough, and with a

good dash of the lurcher, and a miscellaneous *tail* of terriers of every degree.

Let us borrow a leaf from the same journal which has already been useful to us, describing a successful day with "the fox-hunter:"—

"The fox having been too free with the lambs, the sheep-farmer of the glen has summoned the fox-hunter's assistance, and I join him with my rifle. Before daylight the fox-hunter and myself, with two shepherds, and the usual following of dogs, are on the ground, and drawing some small hanging birch-woods near the scene of the latest depredations. While the whole kennel were amusing themselves with a marten-cat in the wood, we found a fresh fox-track on the river bank below it, and after considering its direction leisurely, the huntsman formed his plans. The hounds were coupled up, and left to the charge of the two shepherds, whilst we started with our guns for a steep corrie, where the huntsman expected we could command the passes. It was a good hour and half, of a jog-trot, which seemed a familiar pace to my companion. We at length turned off the great glen, and up a small, rapid, rocky burn, tracing it to where it issued through a narrow fissure in the rocks, down which the water ran like a mill-race. Scrambling up to the head of the ravine, we found ourselves in the corrie, a magnificent amphitheatre of precipitous grey rocks. The fox's favorite earth was understood to be far up on the cliff, and as only two passes could easily lead to it, we endeavored to command them both. My station was high up, on a dizzy enough crag, which commanded one of the passes for a considerable way, and sufficiently screened me from all the lower part of the corrie. I had with some difficulty got to my place, and arranged the best vista I could command while unseen myself, and had a few minutes to admire the wild scene below me. It was a narrow corrie, with a little clear stream twisting and shining through an endless confusion of rugged grey rocks. I had not been placed many minutes when a deep bay reached me down the clear morning air. I listened with eagerness, and soon heard the whole pack in full cry; though at a great distance, and apparently not coming quite in our direction. While watching, however, the different entries to the corrie, I saw a fox come leisurely down a steep slope of loose stones, towards where the huntsman was concealed. Presently he stopped, and quietly sitting down, appeared to listen for the dogs, and, not hearing their cry come nearer, he came quietly and leisurely along, till he had reached the track where we had crossed the corrie, when, cautiously stopping with his nose to the ground, he changed his careless manner of running to a quick canter, halting now and then, and snuffing the air, to find out where the enemy was concealed. Just then, too, the hounds appeared to have turned to our direction, and another fox came in view, entering the corrie to my right hand at a great pace, and making directly towards me, though still at a mile's distance. The first fox had approached within sixty or seventy yards of the huntsman, when I saw a small stream of smoke issue from the rocks, and the fox stagger a little, and then heard the report of the gun. The foxes both rushed down the hill again, away from us, one evidently wounded; when, the echo of the shot sounding in every direction, first on one side of the corrie, then on another, and then apparently on every side at once, the poor animals were fairly puzzled. The wounded fox turned back again, and ran straight towards where

the huntsman was, while the other came towards me. He was within shot, and I was only waiting till he got to an open bit of ground, over which I saw he must pass, when the hounds appeared in full cry at the mouth of the corrie by which he had entered. Reynard stopped to look, and stretching up his head and neck to do so, gave me a fair shot at about sixty yards off. The next moment he was stretched dead, with my ball through him, while the other, quite bewildered, ran almost between the legs of my fellow-chasseur, and then turned back towards the dogs, who, meeting him full in the face, wounded as he was, soon caught and slew him. In a short time the whole of our troops, dogs, shepherds, and all were collected, and great were the rejoicings over the fallen foe. I must say, that though our game was ignoble, the novelty of the proceedings, and the wildness and magnificence of the scenery, had kept me both amused and interested. I forget the name of the corrie: it was some unpronounceable Gaelic word, signifying the 'Corrie of the Echo.'

The eagle is becoming every year more rare, and will at no great distance of time, apparently, be extinct in Great Britain. A few years ago, in Sutherland and the heights of Mar and Athol, one seldom passed a day on the mountains without meeting one or more; now, excepting in some of the islands, and on parts of the north coast, they are rarely seen. Large premiums given by the sheep-farming societies first reduced their numbers; and English gamekeepers and English traps have done the rest. The golden eagle, *aquila chrysaetos*, is the most frequently seen in the Highlands. They build in some recess of a perpendicular rock, overhung by a projecting shelf, and seldom to be reached by human foot; though occasionally in the more unfrequented districts, where there is less risk of being disturbed, they inhabit places more easy of access. The nest, which is formed of sticks, the stems and roots of heather, lasts for many years. A slight repair in the spring prepares it for the ensuing breeding season. The large, strong-shelled eggs, generally three in number, are laid on the sticks without any softer lining. Seldom more than two young ones are brought out. The male eagle assists in the domestic arrangements, and takes his turn of sitting on the eggs. Indeed, if the female is killed, he will take the entire charge of the young or eggs—frequently, however, taking to himself a second mate to assist him. The young birds remain but for a short time with their parents after they have left the nest, and are soon banished from their paternal dominions.

We are accustomed to talk of the eagle as an impersonation of magnanimity and activity, a character which he hardly deserves. He is a greedy, foul-feeding bird, and lazy, until pressed by hunger. With strength of talons and beak to tear open the skin of a camel, he prefers his game kept till it is putrid; and for all his unrivalled strength and quickness of flight, he likes feeding on any carrion better than hunting for himself. If he find a dead sheep, or, his peculiar dainty, a dead and putrid dog, he will gorge himself on his disgusting food till he is hardly able to rise; and more than one instance has come to our knowledge in the Highlands, of an eagle in that situation being knocked down and killed with a stick. His common food in the Highlands consists of dead sheep, and lambs which he can carry off whole to his nest; and when these fail, white hares and ptarmigan. After floods in the mountain torrents, or

the breaking up of a snow-storm, the eagle revels on the drowned and smothered sheep. Many a time he makes a substantial meal off some stag, who has carried off his death-wound from the hunter's rifle, to die in the hill. When he has young to bring up, he prefers hunting for live food, and at that season lambs and fawns are the easiest provision to be had. Sometimes, but rarely, he takes grouse on the wing.

Though not the heroic bird he is called, when hungry or acting in defence of his young, the eagle is bold enough to attack anything, as a Highlander still alive can testify. Some years ago, in Sutherland, an active lad, named Monro, stimulated by the premiums offered by a farmer's society, determined to attempt robbing an eagle's nest in his neighborhood, which appeared to him comparatively easy of access. He took no assistant with him, that there might be no division of the prize money, and set about scaling the rock alone. Holding on like a cat, by projections of the rock, and some roots of ivy, he had mounted to within a few yards of the nest, and was on the point of reaching it, when the female eagle came home, bearing a young lamb in her talons. Instantly, when she saw the intruder, she dropped her game, made a rapid wheel, and attacked him. Monro had no firm support for his feet, and was obliged to hold with one hand by a root of ivy. The eagle fixed one talon in his shoulder and the other in his cheek, and thus commenced the battle. Monro had but one hand free; to quit his hold of the ivy with the other was to ensure a fall of a hundred feet. In these circumstances of peril, his presence of mind did not forsake him. He remembered what he called "a bit wee knife" in his waistcoat pocket; this he reached, opened it with his teeth, and with it attacked in his turn the eagle, unable to extricate her talons from his clothes and flesh; and stabbed and cut her about the throat till he killed her. He did not care to carry the adventure farther, but descended, without waiting for the return of the other eagle, faint and half blind with his own blood. It is several years ago, but he carries the marks of the eagle's talons in his face and shoulder to this day.

The deer in the island of Rum are said to have been quite extirpated by the eagles; and certainly in no other part of Scotland does one see so many eagles. At present, their principal food must consist of the dead fish cast on the shore.

The male and female eagle assist each other very often in pursuit of their prey, coursing, as it were, the animal, whatever it may be, and turning it from one to the other, like a couple of greyhounds in pursuit of a hare. At other times, wheeling at an immense height in the air, at some distance from each other, in search of dead sheep or other carrion, when one bird has discerned a prize, by a shrill bark-like cry it warns the other. The eagle only soars at a great height when the atmosphere is clear, and the hills free from mist. When rain and fog cover the mountain side, the sportsman or shepherd is frequently startled by the sudden and noiseless appearance of this monarch of the clouds passing quietly past him, at the height of a few feet from the ground. The only notice the bird takes of a person in these rencontres, is to turn his head quickly from side to side, to get a good view of the enemy; and he then passes unconcernedly on.

We doubt very much whether this bird is capable of being tamed or trained for hunting. Their

attachment to their keeper and feeder seems to be but uncertain, and liable to interruption on the slightest occasion. But we must hasten to a conclusion.

The interest and occupation of Highland sport, the energy exerted and the difficulties overcome, would be captivating in any country. But we regard it as their chief advantage that they lead men necessarily among such scenes as are found only among the Highlands. The mountain precipice, the deep secluded glen, the rushing torrent, the lonely loch, even the bare, desolate moor, each connected with some adventure, fix themselves in the memory, and impart to the most unimaginative something of the ideal that raises a man above what is merely worldly and sordid in the path of life.

It would be painful to think the advantages were all on the side of the sportsman; but while the taste for mountain sport is attracting to the Highlands crowds of young men of fortune, to whom it thus forms not the least important part of their education; their residence and its objects are working an important change on the state of the native population. We have already alluded to the number of hands required by the wealthy occupants of Highland shootings. The superabundant population of the glens, not perhaps well suited for patient and sustained industry, either of agriculture or fishing, was almost of its own nature a population of sportsmen, and the man who had roamed over every foot of the hills as a shepherd, was soon found to make an admirable keeper. It is true he has not yet reached the mystery of dog-breaking, and is apt to undervalue a dog that will not help its master in more than merely *setting* game. But, as a patient watcher on the mountain tops, as the steady attendant of the sportsman in a new region, where it is of much consequence to know the ground and the habits of the game, he is invaluable. His power of mountain travel, his endurance of weather and hardship, and his knowledge of hill game, especially of deer, make the Highlander preferable to an English game-keeper, even if you discount the pleasure of his conversation, which is indeed very different from that of the business-like, matter-of-fact Norfolk keeper. How often have we forgot the length and roughness of the way, and the want of sport, as we listened to a young Celt pouring out the traditions of his native glen, and reaching unconsciously almost to poetry!

By the fortunate accident of the rise of a new fashion, the active lads who, if not required for tending sheep, and unwilling to join their kinsmen in Canada, seemed destined to be driven to poaching or smuggling, are now employed in different grades as assistants of sport, a situation which no Highlander, however averse to other servitude, finds degrading, and which, requiring all and more than all the qualities of a shepherd, is raising a hardy population, with improved intelligence and tastes somewhat beneficially heightened.

It is remarkable that, while a misdirected and sickly passion for preserving game in one end of the island is threatening to bring back some of the mischiefs of the cruel old Norman forest-law, with no commensurate advantages; the same taste for sport, finding a more healthy outlet in the mountains of the north, benefits alike both classes of the community, and is in our estimation productive of unmingled good.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION OF MUD.—The smaller lakes of America, whose wild and solitary shores attract the tourist, have some singular physical peculiarities. One of the early explorers of its northern regions, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was the first to notice the attractive power of the mud at the bottom, which is sometimes so great, that boats can with difficulty proceed along the surface. This extraordinary fact is thus stated:—"At the portage or carrying place of Martres, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long, with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the water. Nevertheless, this mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. This effect is not perceptible on the south side of the lake, where the water is deep, but is more and more sensible as you approach the opposite shore. I have been assured that loaded boats have often been in danger of sinking, and could only be extricated by being towed by lighter boats. As for myself, I have never been in danger of foundering, but I have several times had great difficulty in passing this spot with six stout rowers, whose utmost efforts could scarcely overcome the attraction of the mud. A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Saginaga, whose bottom attracts the boats with such force, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that a loaded boat can be made to advance; fortunately the spot is only about 400 yards over." This statement has received confirmation from the experience of Captain Back during the recent Arctic land expeditions. A part of Lake Huron likewise, in the same district, appears to be the centre of a remarkable electrical attraction. There is a bay in the lake, over which the atmosphere is constantly highly charged with electricity, and it has been affirmed that no person has ever traversed it without hearing peals of thunder.—*The Gallery of Nature.*

PIGEON EXPRESSES.—The system of communication, by means of carrier-pigeons, between London and Paris, is carried on to a very considerable extent, and at a great cost. There are several perfect establishments kept up by parties interested in the quick transmission of intelligence at the ports of Dover and Calais, and at regular distances on the roads of the two countries, whence the birds are exchanged in regular order as they return with their little billet. The interruption occasioned by the hours of night is made up by a man on horseback; who again at daylight, on arriving at a pigeon station, transfers his despatch to the keeper, who has his bird in readiness. The distance by day is accomplished in less than eight hours. It has been found that hawks have proved themselves dangerous enemies even to those quick-flighted birds, and a premium of half-a-crown is paid for every hawk's head produced. The pay of a keeper is 50*l.* a year; and when this is added to the cost of food and the expense of sending the pigeons on from station to station, to be ready for their flight home, it will appear that the service is attended with considerable outlay. The duty of training young birds, and the management of the old ones, in feeding them at proper times, and in keeping them in the dark till they are thrown up, is very responsible, and almost unceasing. A good bird is not supposed to last more than two years.—*Note-book of a Naturalist.*

CHAPTER XXII.

JINGO was born for greatness. He had in his character the great element of a great general—a great statesman; marvellous self-possession. Meaner boys would have been in a flutter of impatience; not so with the pupil of Tom Blast. Hence, he sat under the bed, with critical ear, listening to the hard breathing of the drunken man, who soon began to snore with such discordant vehemence that Jingo feared the sleeper might awaken his bottle friend, Mr. Folder. Jingo knew it not; but his testimony would have been very valuable to Mrs. Tangle; for the snoring of her husband was one of the disquietudes of that all-suffering woman; the rather, too, that the man constantly denied his tendency to the habit. He never snored. Of course not; nobody ever does. Now Jingo might have been a valuable witness on the side of Mrs. Tangle, who could never succeed, talk as she would, in impressing her husband with a sense of his infirmity. On the contrary, her accusation was wont to be repelled as a gross slander; an imputation unworthy of a wife and a woman. It is bad enough to endure an evil, but to have the nuisance treated as a malicious fiction, makes it intolerable. And Mrs. Tangle felt it so. Of this, however, by the way. Return we to Jingo.

With knowing delicate ear, the child continued to listen to the stertorous agent. At length, the boy crept from beneath the bed, and treading lightly as a fairy at a bridal couch, he made his way to the window. Now, had anybody attempted to open it for any honest purpose—had Molly, the maid, for instance, sought to raise it merely to give her opinion of the moon and the night to any rustic astronomer below—it is very certain, that the window would have stuck, and jarred, and rattled; it was too old and crazy to be made a comfortable confidant in any such foolish business. Ten to one, but it had waked the mistress of the Olive Branch, who would inevitably have nudged the master. And now a robbery was to be done—a most tremendous robbery—perhaps to be further solemnized by homicide—for who should say that the Parca who wove the red tape of the life of Tangle, attorney-at-law, were not about to snip it?—who shall say that so awful a crisis did not at that moment impend—and yet silently went the window up; easily, smoothly, as though greased by some witch; smeared with fat “from murderer’s gibbet.” It is a pity that the devil makes evils so very easy to the meanest understanding.

Two or three minutes passed, not more, and Tom Blast thrust his head and one of his legs into the chamber. There was a grim smile upon his face—a murderous simper at his mouth—a brassy brightness in his eyes, that showed him to be upon a labor of love. No soldier ever scaled a wall, to receive, it may be, a bullet or a bayonet, with the after-leaf of laurel that the Gazette punctually lets fall upon his grave—no hero, we say, his nerves strung with shouts, his heart beating to the beating drums, his blood boiling at slaughter heat, his whole soul breathing fire and gunpowder, and all to gloriously slay and sack, and burn—no such adventurous plumed biper ever looked more grimly beautiful than did that low-thoughted burglar, that leprous-minded thief. Strange and mournful this to think of! For what was there good or noble to make his muscles iron? What holy flame of

patriotism raged in his heart, refining its grossness—what laurel could he hope for, wet with a nation’s tears, nations always weeping when the private soldier falls? He had none of these exalting elements to sublimate him, for a time, into an immortal imp of glory. His motive was gold; brutalizing gold! His enemy, if he came to close quarters, a weak, wine-soddened old man. His fate, if he should fail, no laural wreath, but suffocating rope. And yet, we say, the conceit of poor humanity! We feel humbled for our nature, but we must declare the truth. Well, then, Thomas Blast, prepared for robbery, and it might be, bloodshed, looked as horribly animated—as ferociously happy—as though he had mounted some Indian rampart, graciously commissioned to slay man, woman, and child, to pillage and to burn, and all for glory—all for the everlasting fame—of who shall count how many years, or months, or days! How very different the picture—the fates of the two men! And then, again, there is no Old Bailey (at least in this world) for the mighty men of the bully burglar, Mars!

Whilst writing this piece of villany as, should it strangely enough find its way into any barrack, it will be called, we have not kept Tom Blast astride upon the window-sill. Oh no! he has business to perform—hard, worldly business, as he deems it—and he has entered the chamber; and with much composure—a placidity which it has been seen he has transmitted to his son—he gazes at the sleeping hard-breathing Tangle. Mr. Blast was not a man, in any way, above his profession. He never neglected, however petty they might be, any of the details of his art. This feeling of precision was, we have no doubt, born with him; and long custom had brought the principle, or whatever it was, as near to perfection as may be allowed to any achievement of fallible humanity. Had destiny put Blast in the respectable position of the attorney in the bed, sure we are, it would have been the same with him. Certain we are he would have been as particular with his inkhorn, his pen, his parchment, his ferret—as he now was with his equipments of dark lantern, crowbar, and rope.

For some moments, Blast, by the aid of his lantern, looked meditatively upon Tangle. Possibly he felt such a deep sense of security that he liked to dally with his subject—to coquet with robbery—to gently sport with sin, to give it a sweeter flavor. For this is a trick of humanity; in evidence of which, we could and we would quote rosy examples: but no; we will not treat the reader—in this history we have never yet done so—as though his bosom was stuffed, doll-like, with bran: we believe that he has a heart beating in it, and to that interpreter, we write, as we should say, many things in short hand: sometimes we may lose by it; nevertheless, we disdain to spell every passion with its every letter.

“He’d never be stole for his beauty, would he Jingo?” asked Blast, in a loud whisper, blandly smiling.

“And whatever beauty he has he shuts it up when he goes to sleep,” replied the child. “Oh, is n’t he drunk!” the boy added, with considerable zest.

“He is,” said Blast, who still looked contemplative. Then shading the lantern, to catch the best view of Tangle’s face, he continued—“What a horrible pictur! He looks as if he’d come from Indy in a cask of spirits, and was just laid out, afore he was to be buried. Jingo, my boy”—and

the paternal hand was gently laid upon the boy's head—"Jingo, your poor father may have his faults, like other men—I can't say he may n't; no; but he is n't a drunkard, Jingo, else he had n't got on the little he has in the world—he had n't, indeed. And so, take warning by what you see—by what you see," and Blast, stretching his arm towards the sleeper, said this in a low voice—touchingly, that is, paternally. "And now, Jingo, where's the shiners?" asked the man of business.

The thoughtless reader may deem it strange, unnatural, that a man about to perpetrate gibbet-work should thus coolly delay, and after his own fashion, moralize. But then the reader must ponder on the effect of long habit. In his first battle—though common history says nothing of it—Julius Caesar, not from cowardice, but from a strange inward perturbation, bled at the nose: similar accidents may have happened to other heroes when they have drawn what with an odd gallantry is called their maiden sword. Still the reader may not yet comprehend the composure of Tom Blast. The more his loss. But then, probably, the reader has never been a housebreaker.

Return we to our colloquy. "Jingo, where's the shiners?"

"There!" said the boy, pointing to the closet: "and see," he whispered, with a proud look, at the same time producing Tangle's pistols—"see, I've got his pops!"

This touch of early prudence and sagacity was too much for a father's heart. Tom felt himself melted, as with undisguised tenderness he said, taking an oath to the fact—"Well, you are a bloomer! you are—"

At this moment, Tangle rolled upon his side, gabbling something in his sleep. On the instant, Jingo was at the bed-side, with both his pistols presented at the sleeper's head. The eyes of the little wretch glittered like a snake's—his lips were compressed—his eyebrows knit—his nostrils swelling. At a thought, he looked an imp of murder.

"There's a beauty," said the encouraging Blast, "don't let him wag—if he should"—it was needless for Blast to finish the injunction; a terrible grin, and a nod from Jingo, showed that he clearly understood the paternal wish.

"This is the closet, eh?" said Blast, with a very contemptuous look at the frail partition between him and El Dorado. Then Blast took a small crowbar from his pocket; a remarkably neat, portable instrument. For some seconds, he stood twirling it in his hand with the composed air of a professor. Had he been a fashionable fiddler, he could not have fondled his alchemic Cremona more tenderly, more lovingly.

One moment he looks at the door. Ha! that was the touch of a master! How it was done, we know not. By what sleight—what dexterity of hand, we cannot guess, but in a few seconds, the door, yielding to the instrument, opens with a dull, sudden sound; and Tom Blast surveys Tangle's chest of gold, Blast's son and heir still presenting two pistols at Tangle's drunken head.

At the opening of the door, Jingo looked round and laughed. Before, his eyes were bent upon the sleeping man; and it was plain, from the working of the boy's face, that he was fighting with some horrid thought—some damnable temptation. There was he with death in his two little hands—there was he with a terrible curiosity

growing in his features; his lips trembled, and he shifted uneasily on his feet; he breathed hard; he glanced for an instant, down the muzzle of each pistol. There was the man—sleeping—still alive, though seethed in drink, and looking like death. There he was—the dreaming man with his dreaming murderer. For should the devil—and the boy felt him at his side—should the demon only jog his elbow, crook his finger—and how odd, how strange, how very curious it would be, to see that sleeping face, with a flash, asleep in death; to catch the look—the brief one look, as the soul shot into darkness!

But Tom Blast suddenly burst the door, and the boy laughed and trembled. He thought it very strange—very odd—he could have wept.

"All right," said Tom, "we're lords for life!" He then laid hands upon the box—paused—and looked suddenly blank. Wayward, obstinate Plutus! He would not be lifted—no, in his heavy majesty, he would not be made to budge. Again and again Tom Blast essayed to stir the god—to take him in his loving arms, and hugging him to his breast, to bear the divinity to some sweet solitude, and make him all his own. Provoking, was it not, that that which added to the treasure, added to the difficulty? Tom could have cursed the patriotism of the voters of Liquorish, that—the immovable box declared it—bore so high a price. He had no belief that their virtue could have been so very valuable—to themselves. Tom, however, would not be baffled. No; a voice issued from the box, that, like the voice of jeering beauty, at once piqued and animated him. And now he was resolved. His sinews might crack—his Adam's clay might be flayed beneath the load—nevertheless, he would lift it.

"Jingo," whispered Tom, "don't move a foot. The damned box"—in this way does ungrateful man too often treat his superfluous of wealth!—"can't be lowered out of window; 't would go smash. I'll creep down and unbolt the door, and then"—Blast had said enough; Jingo nodded his perfect comprehension of his father's plan: and the robber, silently as a shadow creeps along the floor, passed from the room. Jingo was alone—alone, with his murderous toys—for to him they were very playthings—and the sleeping sot. Again, did strange thoughts tingle in that mistaught little brain—again did a devilish spirit of mischief begin to possess him, when his paternal monitor returned, with a lightened, a pleased look.

It was, doubtless, a charming sight—a spectacle hugely enjoyed by the few select spectators—to behold Hercules make his final muscular preparation for the achievement of any one of his labors. The majesty of will—that moral regality of man—must have so beamed and flashed around his brows, that even the gods may have looked from the windows of heaven, pleased with a royalty that seemed a shadow of their own. And so be of good heart, ye many sons of Hercules, fighting, wrestling with the monsters of adverse fate—be of good faith, though you combat in the solitude of a desert; nevertheless, believe it, if ye fight courageously, there are kind looks from heaven always beaming on you!

We incline to the belief that Tom Blast had never heard of Hercules; or if indeed he had, the name was so associated with the pillars, that if he ever considered the matter at all, he may perchance have thought Hercules some very famous tapster, and that certain London hostelrys known

as Hercules' Pillars merely eternized his reputation. We forget, too, the name of the antiquary who wrote a very thick book, proving that the pillars set up by Hercules—vulgarly supposed to commemorate his labors—were no other than a very classic public-house, wherein, after his last day's work, he drained his cool tankard. Be this as it may, Blast was in no way strengthened by the thought of the reforming Hercules, when he prepared himself to lift upon his shoulder that bitter sweet—that "heavy lightness, serious vanity"—that sustaining, crushing weight of gold. Nevertheless, the preparation of Blast was worthy of the best scoundrel hero of the world's old age and weakness. He looked at the box with flashing resolution—set his teeth—fixed his feet—and put forth his arms, as though he would root up an oak.

And now shout, ye imps! Scream, ye devilkins—for it is done! The gold is on the thief's shoulder! His knees quiver beneath the sudden wealth—his chest labors—his face grows purple as grapes—and the veins in his gibbet brow start thick and black with blood—yet a proud smile plays about his horse-shoe mouth, and he looks a Newgate hero!

Breathing hard, in hoarse whispers, the robber gives directions to the boy—"Jingo—good fellow—don't stir—only a minute—only a minute—when I'm clear off—then—you know." And with this broken counsel, Blast—his strength strained to the utmost, turned to the door—and staggered from the room. Young Jingo's face darkened, and now he glanced towards the window, to secure himself a retreat, now he listened to catch the progress of his father's footsteps. To trip—to stumble but an inch—and what a crashing summons to the whole household would result from that fallen heap of gold! Still he listened, and still he felt reassured! The robber made silent and successful progress. It was a difficult passage—that narrow, crooked staircase; and as the thief accommodated his burthen to its winding way, thoughts of mortality would come into the thief's brain: for he marvelled how when anybody died—and it was an old, old house—they carried the coffin down that confined, sinuous path. But gold—heart-strengthening gold—is on his shoulders, and he bears up with Atlantean will, the whilst he moves along noiselessly as the hare limps on the greensward. He has crossed the threshold—closed the door behind him—he is in the wide world, with his fortune on his shoulders. Whither shall he go?

Direct, assist him, ye good genii that, all unseen, favor and strengthen the mere money-maker; the man, who only eats, and drinks, and takes his temperate rest, that he may be keener at a bargain, sharper for profit. How many—save that their golden burdens are lawful gains, that is, obtained by no gross violation of the statute—are, like Tom Blast, puzzled, confounded, by the very treasure they have toiled for? What a hard, ungrateful weight—their monstrous wealth! Somehow, with all the blessings mingled with it, they cannot extract heart's ease from it. They sweat and toil under the load, when—though they know not how to secure the happiness—they would fain sit themselves down on some green, pleasant spot, and enjoy their long-toiled-for delight. No, it may not be. The spirit—the sole possessing spirit that, day and night, made them subdue all gentler, softer influences, to the one exhausting purpose, wealth—the spirit is still their despot, and rules them as tyrannously when in cloth of gold, as when

in frieze. They have worked, sweated for the precious load; and, when obtained, it is hung about with fears. How many have crawled brute-like, on all-fours through dirty, winding ways to wealth, with the sweet unction at their souls that, arrived at the glorious bourne, they would then walk very erect; would cleanse themselves of the inevitable defilements of the road; would, in sooth, become very sweet men indeed. Well, they have reached the shrine; they have learned the true "Open Sesame!"—they are rich, past all their morning dreams of wealth—but somehow, there is the trick of old habit—they cannot well stand upright; and their hands have been so dirtied, *feeling their way* to Plutus, it seems to them a foolish task to try to whiten and purify them. This, however, they can do. They can, somehow, blind the world; yes, they can put on very white gloves.

Take from Tom Blast the spot of felony—and as he staggers onward in darkness and uncertainty, almost crushed with his weight of wealth—knowing not where to find repose—he is no other than your monstrously rich man, who has exchanged his heart at the mint for coined pieces.

Fatigued, perplexed with rising fears, the robber goes on his unknown way. He strikes wide from the village—goes down lanes—crosses fields. And then he pauses; and casting his load upon the earth, he sits upon it, takes off his hat, and wipes the streaming sweat from his brow, a myriad of unthought of stars looking down upon his felon head.

Yes; he has taken the good resolution. He will henceforth be an honest, respectable man. Let fate be only so kind as to assure him his present spoil, and he will wash his hands of all such work for the rest of his days. He will—he thinks—leave London. Yes; he will discipline his soul to forego the sweet allurements, the magic wiles of that city of Comus. He will go into the country, and be very good to the poor. He will change his name. With such change, he cannot but slough much of the bad reputation that the prejudice of society has fixed upon him. He will become a country gentleman. He will give away a bullock and blankets at Christmas. He will go regularly to church. Yes; he will show that he can be truly religious; for he will have a pew as fine, if not finer, than any pew he had peeped into yesterday. If fate, for this once—this last time—would only be kind to him! This virtuous determination so befuddled the felon, that he felt his heart opened; felt all his nature softened to receive the best and kindest impressions. Though, in his various crooked ways, Tom Blast had gulled many, many men, yet had he never so completely duped any man, as at that moment, Tom duped Tom. He felt himself mightily comforted. He looked around him—at the hedges—the trees; as though carefully noting their particular whereabouts. He rose blithely, with some new resolution. With renewed strength, he swung the box upon his shoulder, and in a few minutes he had hidden it. He would come back at a proper season—and with proper means—to make the surer of it.

Return we to Tangle's chamber. Oh, innocent sleep! There was the parliamentary agent—the man with the golden key to open the door of St. Stephen's to young St. James—there was he, still in port-wine slumbers—still sunk in the claret sea! Beautiful was the morning! The nimble air frolicked in at the open window—for the mercurial

Jingo had not closed it when he departed with Tangle's treasures. The glorious sun rose blushing at the ways of slothful man. The sparrows, tenants of the eaves, flew from distant fields, many a one proving, by the early worm that writhed about its bill, the truthfulness of proverb lore. And still the attorney slept! Sleep on, poor innocence! Thou knowest not the gashes cut in thy pocket; thou knowest not how that it is bleeding mortal drops of coined blood; for how much seeming gold is there, that, looked upon aright, is aught other metal? Sleep on.

And Tangle sleeps and dreams. A delicious vision creases and wrinkles his yellow face like folds in parchment. Yes; Tangle dreams. And we know the particular dream, and—sweet is the privilege!—we may and will tell it. Somnus, father of dreams—what a progeny has he to answer for!—did not kindly send to the lawyer a visionary courier to apprise him of his loss; and so to break the affliction to his sleep that, waking, he might perhaps the better endure it. Oh, no! there would have been no sport in that. Contrast is the soul of whim; and Somnus was inclined to a joke with the razor-sharp attorney.

Whereupon, Tangle dreamt that he was on his death-bed—and nevertheless, bed to him had never been so delicious. He knew his hour was come: a smiling angel—all effulgence—on either side—had told him so. And Tangle, calling up a decent look of regret at his wife and children, standing about him, told them to be comforted, as he was going immediately to heaven. This he knew; and it showed their ignorance to look any doubt of the matter. That chest of gold—the gold once taken to pay the electors of Liquorish—was, after the manner of dreams, somehow his own property. And therefore, he ordered the chest to be placed on the foot of his bed, and opened. The lid was raised; and oh, what a glory! It was filled to the edge with bright, bright guineas, all bearing the benevolent face—a wonderful likeness, in fact, as every face on gold is, a speaking likeness, for it talks every tongue—of George the Third! When Tangle saw them, he smiled a smile—ay, could we have followed it—to the very roots of his heart. "I am going to heaven," said he; "I have toiled all my life for that goodly end; I have scraped and scraped those blessed things together, knowing that if I had enough of them to bear my weight, they would carry me straight to paradise. No, my dear wife, my darling children, think not my brain is wandering; think me not light-headed; for at this solemn time, this awful moment, I only hope to consummate the great object of my life. I have made money in this world, that, by its means, I might make sure of heaven in the next. And they!"—and Tangle again pointed to the guineas—"those bright celestials will carry me there." And now comes the wonderful part of the dream. When Tangle has ceased speaking, every guinea rose, as upon tiny wings, from the box; and, like a swarm of bees, filled the death-chamber with a humming sound. And then gradually every King George the Third face upon the guinea grew and rounded into a cherub head of glittering gold, the wings extending and expanding. And who shall count the number of the cherubim glorifying the chamber with their effulgence, and making it resound with their tremendous music! A short time, and then Tangle dreamt that the cherubim were bearing him from his bed—all lifting, all supporting him, all tending him in his upward flight.

And then again he smiled at his worldly wisdom, for he felt that every guinea he had made—no matter how, upon earth—was become an angel, helping him to heaven. And still in his dream—smiling and smiling, he went up—up—up!

Now, if any cavilling reader disputes the authenticity of this dream—if, pushing it aside, he calls it extravagant and ridiculous, we are, without further preparation, ready to prove it a very reasonable and likely dream; a dream that is no other than a visionary embodiment of the waking thoughts of many a man, who hoards and hoards, as though every bit of gold was, as the lawyers have it, seizing of Paradise. When (and it does sometimes happen) a high dignitary of the church dies with a coffer of some hundred and forty thousand pounds, who shall say that the good man has not hoarded them, in the belief that every pound will serve him as an angel to help him to heaven! He knows he cannot take *them* to bliss; but, with a wisdom unknown to much of the ignorant laity, he evidently believes that they can carry *him* there. Hence even church avarice, properly considered, may be excellent religion—hence a crawling, caterpillar miser may only crawl to soar the higher—a triumphant Psyche!

And still Tangle, in his dream, was ascending to the stars. Was ever man brought back to this earth with so terrible a shock? Compared with it, a drop from a balloon upon Stonehenge would be a few feet fall upon a feather-bed.

"Hallo! Bless me! My good friend! Well, you have a constitution! Sleep with the window open!"

Such were the exclamations of Mr. Folder, up and arrayed for an early walk. Though by no means unwell from the last night—certainly not, for he was never soberer in his life—he thought he would take a ramble in the fields just to dissipate a little dulness, a slight heaviness he felt; and being of a companionable nature, he thought he would hold out to Mr. Tangle the advantage of accompanying him. Whereupon, he tried the attorney's door, and, finding it unlocked, with the pleasant freedom of a friend, he entered the chamber. The opened window struck him with vast astonishment. The election was not over, and Mr. Tangle might catch his death. Again he gave voice to his anxiety. "My dear sir—Mr. Tangle—the window—"

"Ten thousand cherubs," said Tangle, still in the clouds—"ten thousand, and not one less. I knew I had ten thousand; and all good: not a pocket-piece among 'em. Cherubs!"

"Bless my soul," said Folder, "he's in some sweet dream; and with the window open. Well, if I could dream at all under such circumstances, I should certainly dream I was in a saw-mill with a saw going through every joint of my body. And, what's more, I should wake and find it all true. Mr. Tangle!"

With other exclamations—with still more strenuous pulling—Mr. Folder saw that he was about to achieve success. There were undeniable symptoms of Mr. Tangle's gradual return to a consciousness of the £ s. d. of this world. Gradually, cherub by cherub was letting him down easily to this muddy earth. The attorney stretched out his legs like a spider—flung up his arms—and with a tremendous yawn opened his mouth so wide, that Mr. Folder—but he was not a man of high courage—might have seen that attorney's very bowels. Tangle unclosed his stiffly-opening eyelids. It was plain there was a mist—possibly a cloud, as

from burnt claret—passing before his orbs : for it was some moments before the face of Mr. Folder loomed through the vapor. At length, Tangle—with every vein in his head beating away as though it would not beat in such fashion much longer ; no, it would rather burst—at length Tangle, resolving to be most courageously jolly, laughed and cried out—“ Well, what’s the matter ! ”

“ Why, my dear friend,” said Folder, “ as to-day is a busy day, I thought we could not be too fresh for work : and so, as we were a little late, I may say, too, a little wild last night—”

“ Pooh, pooh : not a bit. I never felt better : never, in all my life. I always know when I’m safe, and drink accordingly. Never was yet deceived, sir ; never. There’s no port in the world I’d trust, like the port you get from the gentlemen of the cloth : they’re men above deceit, sir ; above deceit.”

“ Nevertheless, I do think a walk in the fields—just a turn before breakfast—”

“ No,” said Tangle, turning upon his side, evidently set upon another nap : “ no ; I like butter-cups and daisies, and all that sort of thing—breath of cows, and so forth—but not upon an empty stomach.”

“ Well, to be sure,” said Folder, “ you economize. You get your air and sleep together.”

“ What do you mean ! ” grunted Tangle.

“ Why, you sleep with your window open, don’t you ! ” asked Folder.

“ Never,” replied Tangle.

“ No : then who has opened it for you ! ”

Mr. Tangle raised himself in his bed. We will not put down the oath which, to the astonishment of Folder, he thundered forth, when he saw his casement open to the winds. Suddenly he leapt from the bed ; and as suddenly Mr. Folder quitted the chamber.

“ Robbery ! Murder ! ” cried Tangle, with amazing lungs.

Now, we have never known this confusion of terms in any way accounted for. True it is, Mr. Tangle saw, as he believed, the clearest evidence of robbery ; but there was no drop, no speck of blood, to afford the slightest hint of homicide. Wherefore, then, should he, falling into a common error of humanity, couple murder with theft ! Why is it, we ask, that infirm man, suddenly awakened to a loss of self, almost always connects with the misfortune, the loss of life ! Are purse-strings and heart-strings so inevitably interwoven ! We merely let fall this subject for the elucidation of the metaphysician ; and so pursue our story.

“ Robbery ! Murder ! ” yelled Tangle, dancing in his shirt about the room like a frantic Indian. Mr. Folder, at the door, took up the cry, and in a few minutes landlord and landlady, chambermaid, waiter, and boots, with half-a-dozen tenants of the Olive Branch, were at Tangle’s door. “ A minute—only a minute,” cried Tangle, as they were about to enter—“ Not dressed yet—the murderous thieves—nearly naked—the scoundrel malefactors—guineas, guineas—gone—gone—where’s my stockings ! ” Very distressing to a soul of sympathy was the condition of Mr. Tangle. As he hunted about the floor for his scattered articles of dress, his face—he could not help it—was turned towards the empty closet, as though in his despair he thought some good fairy might replace the treasure there, even while he looked. Thus, looking one way, and seeking his raiment in divers others, he brought his head two or three times in roughest companionship with the bed-post. At

length, very sternly rebuked by one of these monitors, he made a desperate effort at tranquillity. He ceased to look towards the closet. Setting his teeth, and breathing like a walrus, he drew on his stockings. He then encased his lower members in their customary covering ; and then the turned-out pockets once more smit his bruised soul. He dropt upon the bed, and sent forth one long, deep, piteous groan. “ The murderous villains ! Even my ’bacco-stopper ! ” he cried ; and then his eyelids quivered ; but he repressed the weakness, and did not weep. “ Somebody shall swing for this—somebody ! ” he said ; and this sweet, sustaining thought seemed for a time mightily to comfort him. And thus, the attorney continued to dress himself, his hand trembling about every buttonhole ; whilst the crowd at his chamber-door exchanged sundry speculations as to the mode and extent of the robbery, the landlord loudly exclaiming that nothing of the sort had ever been known in his house ; a statement emphatically confirmed by his dutiful wife.

“ And now,” cried Tangle, tying the while his neckcloth like a hay-wisp ; “ and now, ladies and gentlemen, you may come in.” Instantly the chamber was thronged. “ Look here—look here,” he said, waving his hand towards the empty closet as a tremendous show—“ this is a pretty sight, I think, for a respectable house ! ”

“ What’s the matter, sir ! ” said the landlord. “ Have you lost anything ! ”

“ Lost anything ! ” exclaimed Tangle : “ only a box of gold ! Yes—I—I won’t say how many guineas.”

There was something touching, awful, in this intelligence ; for every one of the hearers, in some way or the other, called upon heaven to bless him or her, as the case might be ; everybody also declaring that, he or she had never heard of such a thing.

“ But, sir,” said the landlord, very provokingly, “ are you sure there’s no mistake—was it there when you went to bed ! ”

To this impertinent, insulting, unfeeling question, Tangle made no verbal answer. He merely looked daggerwise in the face of the querist, and laughed scornfully, hysterically. He might as well have laughed in the dead face of a dead-wall, for the landlord continued :

“ Because you know, sir, and this gentleman”—he meant Folder—“ and Molly Chambermaid, and boots, and my wife, all know that you was a little the worse or the better for liquor, as you may think it, when you came home from Lazarus Hall. You must feel that, sir ; I’m sure you do feel it.”

“ I tell you what, landlord,” said Tangle. “ I tell you what, sir ; this insolence shall not serve your turn—not at all. You shall not rob me of my reputation to cover the robbery of my money.”

“ I rob you ! I rob you ! ” cried the landlord, advancing towards Tangle, and followed by his wife, the maid, and boots, all taking part in the music—“ He rob you ! ” “ Master rob you ! ”

“ Look there ! I take you all to witness,” cried Tangle, running to the bed, plucking away the pillows, and showing a key—“ the key of the closet ; of that very closet. Now, had I forgotten myself for a moment as a gentleman or a man of business, is it likely that I should have been so particular with that key ! ”

“ They must have come in at the winder,” said the boots, gaping at the open casement.

“ Hallo ! my fine fellow,” cried the too subtle Tangle ; “ you seem to know something about it ! ”

"Acause," answered the unshaken boots, "acause this gentleman said he found the winder open."

The landlord approached the closet, looked about it as though possibly the box might still be in some corner; then scratched his head; then with his thumb and finger felt the bolt of the lock, and then sagaciously observed: "he was an old hand as did this. All the marks on it, sir; all the marks on it."

"A great consolation," answered Tangle, with a ghastly grin. "Well, Mr. Landlord, seeing yourself in this condition—what do you propose?" And the looks of the landlord answered—nothing.

"You see, sir," at length the Olive Branch made answer, "you see, sir, this is election time. Now there isn't a honester place in the world—though I was born in it, I must say it—than Liquorish. But at election time, all sorts of villains come about us, as you must know. I don't see what you can do—Yes; you can send the bellman round with a reward for the thief—and"—

"Pooh, pooh, foolish man!" cried Folder, who then drew Tangle aside. "Don't you see, my dear sir, how such a step would damage us? Don't you see how it would serve the other party? Imagine! 'Lost, a box of guineas from the Olive Branch!' Consider; what squibs they'd fire at us. They'd swear—that is, they would insinuate—that we had brought down the gold to bribe the electors."

"That never struck me," answered Tangle; "'t is more than likely. Heaven help us! What's to be done? Five-and-thirty years have I been in practice; and never—never before such a blow. Stript, sir—stript," he said, in a tone of maudlin sorrow—"stript even of my 'bacco-stopper."

At this moment, Doctor Gilead's carriage drove up to the door, and the footman entered the Olive Branch, bearing a letter for Mr. Folder. This arrival, coupled with the silence of Tangle, caused the landlord, landlady, boots, and chambermaid to quit the room; and they were speedily followed

by others, some of whom said, "What a pity!" Some, "How very odd!" and some, "It was very mysterious; but doubtless time would show."

"My dear friend," said Folder, having read the missive, "it is a summons from his lordship, who observes that we may as well blend breakfast with business. We've no time to lose."

Tangle looked blankly at the floor—blankly at the ceiling. He then wailingly observed, "That such a calamity should happen to me! To me, above all men in the world! How can I ever face his lordship?"

"My good friend, it's not so bad. The loss, heavy as it is," said Folder, with a smile, "can't be ruin."

"You're a kind comforter, Mr. Folder; indeed you are," said Tangle, trying hard at a smile on his own account.

"For you're a rich man, Mr. Tangle; a very rich man, and can make up the loss without—"

"I make up the loss, Mr. Folder! I make—pardon me, my dear sir, you really speak in total ignorance of such matters. No, the gold being his lordship's—for his lordship's special use—if an accident has unfortunately happened to it—why, of course—"

"Well," replied Folder, catching the drift of Tangle, "that you can settle with his lordship himself. In the mean time, we had better prepare for our visit. I shan't be five minutes—but you—you need a little preparation. Don't you shave this morning?"

"Not for millions would I attempt it, Mr. Folder. In my state of mind, not for millions. I could n't do it, sir—I could n't so provoke fate. I tell you what I'll do—I'll walk on; in my present condition, I'd rather walk. I shall find a barber in the village, and—I shall be at the hall as soon as you—tell his lordship quite as soon as you."

And Tangle, with a wandering eye, and unsteady hand, sought and took his hat. He then ran from the chamber, and Mr. Folder retired to his own apartment.

AIR CHURN.—The bishop of Derry has invented an atmospheric churn. Instead of the present unscientific mode of making butter by churning, his lordship accomplishes this measure by the simpler manner of forcing a full current of atmospheric air through the cream, by means of an exceedingly well-devised forcing-pump. The air passes through a glass-tube connected with the air-pump, descending nearly to the bottom of the churn. The churn is of tin, and it fits into another tin cylinder provided with a funnel and stopcock, so as to heat the cream to the necessary temperature. The pump is worked by means of a winec, which is not so laborious as the usual churn. Independently of the happy application of science to this important department of domestic economy, in a practical point of view it is extremely valuable. The milk is not moved by a dasher, as in the common churn; but the oxygen of the atmosphere is brought into close contact with the cream, so as to effect a full combination of the butyraceous part, and to convert it all into butter. On one occasion the churning was carried on for the space of one hour and forty-five minutes, and eleven gallons of cream produced twenty-six pounds of butter.

EFFECTS OF CROSSING ON THE CONSTITUTION.

—Those classes of the human race which preserve their blood free from mixture with strangers, while they have less variety in external appearance, and perhaps less variety in the scope of mental capacity, than those who cross and recross at pleasure, have more endurance in action, firmer attachments to purposes, and less desultory impetuosity. This is a physical truth. The explanation of it is difficult; but it may be illustrated and comprehended in some degree by those who study the animal fabric, and who are acquainted with the laws of animal economy. In brute animals (horses, sheep, and cattle) the mixture of different races is observed to change the qualities, to improve the beauty, and to enlarge the size; it diminishes the hardness and the security of the physical health. In man, the mixture of different races improves beauty, augments the volume of the bodily organs, and even perhaps expands the sphere of intellect. It diminishes the power of enduring toil, and renders the habit more susceptible to the causes of disease.—*Jackson's Economy of Animals.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.—THE RIGHT HON.
T. B. MACAULAY.

THE popular voice places Mr. Macaulay in the very first rank of contemporary speakers. Those who are prepared to admit a distinction between the most distinguished and successful of untrained speakers and the confessed orators, include him, without hesitation, in the latter class. If they form their judgment merely from reading his speeches as reported in the papers, certainly they have ample ground for presuming that he must be a man of no ordinary eloquence, for he scarcely ever rises but to pour a flood of light upon the subject under discussion, which he handles with a masterly skill that brings out all the available points, and sets them off with such a grace of illustration, such a depth and readiness of historical knowledge, as are equalled by no other living orator. His speeches, indeed, looked at apart from all immediate political considerations, are admirable compositions, which may be read and read again with pleasure and profit, long after the party feelings of the moment have subsided; and in this point of view they seem to be regarded by the general public. An equal interest and admiration are felt by that comparatively small and exclusive section who form the audience in the house of commons. When it gets whispered about that Mr. Macaulay is likely to speak on a particular question, the intelligence acts like a talisman on the members. Those who may not take sufficient interest in the current business to be present in the house, may be seen hovering in its precincts, in the lobbies, in the library, or at Bellamy's, lest they should be out of the way at the right moment, and so lose a great intellectual treat; and it is no sooner known that the cause of all this interest has actually begun to speak, than the house becomes, as if by magic, as much crowded as when the leader for the time being is on his legs. So general an interest in one who has not rendered himself important or conspicuous by any of the more ordinary or vulgar means of obtaining political distinction, or of exciting the popular mind, is of itself proof enough that he must possess very extraordinary claims. In this interest and admiration we most cordially concur. We are not going to question the accuracy of that verdict of the public which places Mr. Macaulay among the very first orators of the day; though, perhaps, we may be able to suggest grounds for a more discriminating criticism and judgment than he is generally subjected to; but, before proceeding to do so, it may be desirable to notice some peculiarities in Mr. Macaulay's political position, and of the means by which he has arrived at it, which illustrate in a very remarkable manner the working of the constitution, and exemplify the real freedom of our institutions.

The theory of the representative system in this country assumes that members of the house of commons are elected by the free choice of the people, because of their peculiar fitness for the business of legislation. As a large and important portion of those who form the government are chosen from the representative body, the same theory, if followed out, would further assume that they were so selected because they were more distinguished than their compeers for the possession of those qualities of mind, and that general knowledge of the condition of the country, which would

make them good administrative officers. This is the theory; but the practice is far different. It seems almost absurd to recapitulate what every politician assumes as the basis of his calculations, and every newspaper and annual register records. Yet this familiarity with the facts blinds us to their importance; and we are not a little startled when told, that under our representative system, which we are so ready to hold up to the world as faultless, intelligence, knowledge of the affairs of the country, and general fitness for the business of the government, are the very last things thought of in a candidate for the suffrages of the people.

Without pushing this view to the extreme conclusions which it will naturally bear, it may be observed that in practice the rank or property, or local influence, of a candidate, obtains more influence than is exactly consistent with the perfection of the abstract theory of representation. County members are more often returned by this kind of influence than any other. The son of the great local peer, or the head of the preponderating family in the county, is naturally looked to when a vacancy occurs; and he would be regarded as next door to a madman, who proposed a candidate, because he believed his intelligence, his experience, his talents in the house of commons, qualified him for the post of member, unsupported by any particular local influence. In the boroughs, rules not very dissimilar prevail. In many cases, notwithstanding the Reform bill, the nomination system still exists; and here, as under the old system, the young man of talent who has his political fortune to carve out, may find the door open which is to lead him into parliament. Where the boroughs are in this respect "open," the influence of property, direct or indirect, is very nearly as strong as in the counties. The leading banker, or brewer, or manufacturer here, stands in a position not very dissimilar to that of the man of family in the more extended electoral sphere. He is returned, either on account of his personal and local influence, or because he is the blind representative of some "interest;" but general legislative qualifications are here, as elsewhere, almost the last things required from him. It is true that the borough representation opens the door of parliament to commercial men of high standing, who come forward on their general reputation, and not on any local influence, and that it also ushers into Parliament that very important body, the lawyers; but these are only a minority of the whole. There are also accidents of the system, where men like Mr. Wakely or Mr. Duncombe obtain the suffrages of large constituencies democratically disposed, by the usual arts and practices of mob-orators.

The selections made by the aristocratic, or governing body, whether whig or tory, of members to recruit from time to time the ranks of the administration, would appear to be influenced by principles or habits not wholly different from those which guide the constituencies. The man of talent, but without an alliance with nobility, or ostensible wealth, has scarcely a fair chance against those who may combine those advantages with even far inferior abilities. Whether this be a good or a bad system is not in question, though that it should so universally prevail in the face of a watchful public is *prima facie* evidence in its favor. It does exist, however. A Sir Robert Peel or a Lord John Russell, forming a government, does not first look out for friendless and landless men, even though

their lack of wealth might only obscure the genius of a Canning. No, they rather are disposed to patronize the Charles Woods or the Sydney Herberts—very clever men and excellent administrative officers, no doubt, but whose merits have the additional weight of their near relationship to two several earldoms. The heads of the aristocratic parties are accustomed to look to their own ranks for their pupils in the science of government and their successors as the inheritors of power, unless in those offices, limited in number, which are filled by practising barristers, whose professional position and success in the house have long since, in the eyes of the initiated, designated their future position as solicitor or attorney-general. For all these reasons, it is seldom indeed that one sees in the higher offices of government men who have not some relationship with the leading nobility, some hereditary political claim, or who are not great city or money lords, or barristers with an acknowledged standing and reputation, and who have already exhibited proofs of parliamentary ability.

Mr. Macaulay is an exception to all these rules. Although he is a barrister, he does not practise as one—at least, his parliamentary standing in no way depends on his profession. Although indebted to the nomination system for his first admission to Parliament, having first sat for the Marquis of Lansdowne's borough of Calne before the Reform-bill, yet he is in no way indebted to any whig family connection for the start this gave him at the very outset of the race. Still less is he, or has he ever been, in that state of political servitude which might otherwise account for his rapid advance to the highest offices in the gift of an exclusive aristocratic party. He has boldly asserted the most ultra-liberal, almost democratic opinions, always tempered by the refinement of a highly cultivated and well-constituted mind, but still independent and uncompromising. It is to his parliamentary talents that he is almost exclusively indebted for his advancement, and in this respect he stands almost alone among his contemporaries. It is because he is a distinguished orator—an orator developing, perhaps, into a statesman—that he has attained the rank of privy-councillor and cabinet minister. To other great men of the day—to such men as Lord Stanley, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, or Sir Robert Peel, the ability to address assemblies of their fellow-men with skill and effect has been a powerful agent of their political success; but in their cases it has been auxiliary only, not, as in the instance of Mr. Macaulay, the sole means of coping with established reputations. They each and all had either birth, social position, or the advantage derived from professional triumphs at the bar, as an introduction to the notice of those who from time to time have been the dispensers of honor and the nominators to office.

The high political rank held by Mr. Macaulay, then—secured as it has been by no subserviency to the aristocracy on the one hand nor any attempts to build power on democratic influence on the other—is a singular instance of the elasticity of our institutions, and of the opportunity afforded in the practical working of the constitution to men of talent and conduct of raising themselves to the highest positions in the state. Looked at with reference to the relative constitution of society in England and France, the elevation of Mr. Macaulay, by means so legitimate, is to be regarded as

an infinitely greater triumph of mind over aristocratic exclusiveness than the prime-ministership of M. Thiers or of M. Guizot, however dazzling or flattering to literary pride, achieved as each was, in a greater or less degree, amidst the disorganization of society following a revolution. Mr. Macaulay's position, too, is of importance, not merely as regards the past, but also with a view to the future. Events seem pointing to a period when the aristocratic influence will be exercised less directly and generally over the representative system and in the legislature. If it is ever destined to be superseded by the commercial or even the popular influence, how desirable it is that constituencies so tending should choose for their representatives not the mere pledged advocates of rival "interests," or those coarser demagogues who live by pampering the worst appetites of the partially instructed, but men of well-trained minds, initiated in the business of government, and far surpassing their accidental competitors in those external arts and graces of the political adventurer, for which, strange to say, the least educated audiences display the keenest relish, while, by so doing, they mark their own just appreciation. The success achieved by Mr. Macaulay—more remarkable and significant that it was in opposition to the prejudices and remonstrances of some of the older members of the whig party, opens the door to a new and an increasing class of public men, who would devote themselves to politics as the business of their lives, as others give themselves up to science or to the regular professions, who, from the very nature and origin of their influence, would find favor with popular constituencies, anxious as were the aristocrats under the old system to secure talented and well-trained exponents of their wishes and opinions, so that they might become a real and active power in the state, and not merely puppets in the hands of intriguing and ambitious statesmen. It is a significant fact, as connected with this theory, that Mr. Macaulay should be the representative of the second metropolitan constituency in the empire.

The character of Mr. Macaulay's mind, as developed in his various speeches and acknowledged writings, eminently qualified him for the part he has already taken in the political history of his time, and that which he seems destined still to act. It is obvious that a man whom, speaking relatively, one may, without offence, call an adventurer—a title which it will be seen, is not in this case meant as a reproach, but rather as by comparison an honor—it is obvious that such a man must have some very peculiar qualities of mind, so to have overcome or disarmed the most jealous aristocratic prejudices, at the same time that he has made his country, and at least the literary world in general, ring with his name; while his conduct as a politician has by no means been characterized by that caution and dissimulation which sometimes carry a man safely through the difficulties of political warfare, till the hour has come when he conceives he may safely declare his real sentiments, and stand forth to the world the true man he is. Mr. Macaulay has, almost from the outset of his public life, boldly avowed the most extreme opinions ever countenanced even in the most desperate manoeuvres of faction, by the heads of his party. By the side of landholders and men whose standing depends on elective influence, he has declared himself the open advocate of the ballot. He was always ahead of his party on the corn-laws; on all the

other great popular questions with which, from time to time, they have tampered. Yet, be it ever remembered, as his political position was not created by, or dependent on, mob influence, but rather on the favor of those who were socially, though not intellectually, his superiors, he risked everything by this frankness. He might have played a safer, but not so bold or glorious a game, if he were not far above the political meanness of disguising his opinions.

There is a fine spirit of philosophical statesmanship animating all the political thinking of Mr. Macaulay, which guides him safely in those dangerous tracks to which he is led by his intellectual propensities. His mind has been trained in the old forms, and in its full strength it does not repudiate them. In this respect he is more to be relied on as a politician by the cautious, than even the most obstinate adherent of the *status quo*; who, in most cases, gives a strength to the opinions he affects to shun, and stings to fresh energy opponents he pretends to despise. Mr. Macaulay neither shuns nor despises. He is not to be deterred by warnings derived from the past, or predictions of evil in the future. He grapples with every proposition that comes in his way, meeting it fairly on its own ground. No fear of explosion withholds him from applying his intellectual test to the new element, or from appropriating it to the purposes of political science, if its properties or its facility of combination make it a desirable ally. A new opinion, or a new movement originating in opinion, is either discarded, crushed, disposed of at once, or it is now and forever incorporated in the system he has raised for himself, and which he is always adding to, cementing, strengthening, never weakening or undermining. He looks at the present and the future with the light of the past. However prospective his purposes may be, his mind is retrospective in its organization, and in the intellectual aliment on which it has fed with the most appropriating avidity. However new may be his propositions or his views, they are never crude. If he sometimes appears to question, and, by questioning, to undermine and destroy the most cherished and universally admitted principles, the chances are that he does it only to divorce them from fallacies which tend to weaken their efficacy. He separates the sound from the unsound, in order to unite it again to fresh and undecayed materials. He is a great reconciler of the new with the old. It is his delight to give new interpretations to old laws and forms of thought; and, by so doing, to restore their original integrity. With all his brilliancy, although it is one of his distinguished traits to touch the most grave and important topics in that light and graceful spirit which has made him the most popular essayist of his time; notwithstanding that in his writings, and even in his speeches on congenial themes, he seems led captive by his imagination to an extent that might make the common dull herd fear to yield themselves to his guidance, there is not among the politicians of the day a more thoroughly practical man than Mr. Macaulay. Although he may adorn a subject with the lights afforded by his rare genius, he never trifles with it. The graceful flowers have strong props and stems beneath, to bear them up against rough weather. His historical research renders him a living link with the old and uncorrupted constitution of the country. He can bring, most unexpectedly, old sanctions to the newest ideas.

Thus to ally the present with the past, is the valuable instinct of his mind. It operates insensibly as a great guarantee with others not so quick and capable. It is also a living and active principle, the operation of which may be most beneficial in contemporary politics. By its antiquity conquers and absorbs novelty, which again reanimates the old. If the spirit of inquiry, or of innovation, or of change, or of indomitable English common-sense, suddenly breaks away the legislative barriers behind which an established system of political things has entrenched itself, it is a great source of confidence to those alarmed at defeat as well as those perhaps equally alarmed at success, to know that the invading is in reality older than the invaded; that what is supposed to be a revolution is, in truth, a restoration of something better than that which was swept away. Mr. Macaulay looks at political questions in this reconstructive spirit, and hence the favor with which he is regarded by his aristocratic allies. He has all the boldness, vigor, and originality which democratic opinions inspire, without that levelling spirit which makes them odious and dangerous.

It is this philosophic and statesman-like tone which gives the speeches of Mr. Macaulay their real interest and value. The more grave and important considerations which it educes from the political events of the hour are admirably intermingled and interwoven with them, so as to do away altogether with the appearance of pedantry and dry historical disquisition on the one hand, or of vague and useless political theory on the other. There is no speaker now before the public who so readily and usefully, and with so little appearance of effort, infuses the results of very extensive reading and very deep research into the common, everyday business of parliament. But his learning never tyrannizes over his common sense. If he has a parallel ready for almost every great character or great event, or an instance or a dictum from some acknowledged authority, his own reason does not, therefore, bow with implicit deference, making the one case a rule for all time. His speeches on the Reform-bill, more especially that on the third reading, were remarkable evidences of the skill and readiness with which he could bring historical instances to bear upon immediate political events, without being at all embarrassed by the precedents. His mind appears so admirably organized, his stores of memory so well filled and so instantaneously at hand, that the right idea or the most happy illustration seems to spring up at exactly the right moment; and the train of thinking thus aroused is dismissed again with equal ease, leaving him at liberty to pursue the general tenor of his argument. There is very great symmetry in his speeches. The subject is admirably handled for the purpose of instructing, delighting, or arousing; and learning, illustration, invective, or declamation, are used with such a happy art, and with so equally happy an abstinence, that, when the speech is concluded, you are left under the impression that everything material to a just judgment has been said, and the whole theme exhausted. His speeches read like essays, as his essays read like speeches. It is impossible to doubt that they are prepared with the utmost care, and committed to memory before delivery. They bear internal evidences of this, and the mode of delivery confirms the suspicion.

The speeches made by Mr. Macaulay on the spur of the moment, when the subject has suddenly arisen, and preparation is impossible, confirm, by

contrast, the belief that his great displays are carefully conned beforehand. There is almost a total absence of that historical allusion, that happy illustration, those antithetical sentences and paradoxical arguments, which characterize his formal orations. They are generally, when thus the spontaneous product of the moment, most able and vigorous arguments on the subject under discussion, which is, in most cases, placed in an entirely new light. After he has spoken on such occasions as these, the debate usually takes a new turn. Members on both sides of the house and of all ranks are to be found shaping their remarks, either in confirmation or refutation of what Mr. Macaulay has said: so influential is his bold, vigorous, uncompromising mode of handling a question; so acute his analysis, so firm his grasp. So that we must not merely look at Mr. Macaulay, in the common point of view, as a "brilliant" speaker and accomplished orator, delivering essays on a given subject adorned by all the graces of style, and in which the imagination preponderates over all else; we must also regard him as a practical politician, ready at every emergency, and exercising by the superiority of his mind an ascendancy over the councils of the nation. He mingles in a remarkable manner the persuasiveness of the advocate with the impartiality of the judge. If a judge were to use eloquence to insinuate on the minds of his hearers the justice of his decision, he might treat his subject in much the same style as that adopted by Mr. Macaulay. His art in concealing the machinery with which he works on his hearers is perfect. There is no appearance of a plan, yet a careful study of his speeches will show that they are constructed, and the subjects and trains of thought disposed, with the utmost skill. There is no apparent straining after graces of style or peculiarities of diction, as in the case of Mr. Sheil. You are thrown off your guard by the simplicity of the language, and the absence of all ambitious effort. He seems rather to trust to the clearness of his case, and the impetuosity and perseverance of his advocacy. Yet no opportunity for working up a "point" is neglected. Exquisite passages are here and there scattered through a speech, yet they seem to fall naturally into the argument, although really the result of the most careful preparation. His perorations, too, are remarkable in general, for their declamatory energy, their sustained eloquence, and the manner in which they stamp, as it were, the argument or theme of the whole speech on the mind of the audience at parting. Grace of diction is throughout made secondary to vigor of thought. But Mr. Macaulay argues much in metaphor, though never for the metaphor's sake. He will put the whole force of a position into an apt and simple illustration with a suddenness quite startling. These, and an occasional antithesis of the simplest kind, are almost his only departures from the style of ordinary level speaking. His language, at the same time, is always remarkably pure; and for elegance, it is unsurpassed. There are, however, faults in his speaking. For instance, he will sometimes spoil the effect of an eloquent passage by a sudden, antithetical allusion, involving some vulgar idea, which catches him because of the opportunity it affords for alliteration or contrast, and which he thinks humorous. This is in bad taste, and is so far an evidence of his want of a keen sense of wit and humor. Yet it is seldom that there is even this slight and trivial drawback to the symmetry of his speeches.

Admirable as Mr. Macaulay's speeches are on paper, his delivery of them altogether belies that reputation which they are calculated to obtain for him. It is, perhaps, heightened expectation which causes the deep disappointment one feels on hearing him, the first time; or it may be that his defects of manner and style would not be observed were the matter he utters of an inferior order. Whatever the cause, the spell is in a great measure broken. Nature has not gifted him, either in voice or in person, with those attributes of the orator which help to fascinate and kindle a popular assembly. With such a voice and aspect as Lord Denman, how infinitely greater would be the effect on his audience of his undoubted intellectual power! Mr. Macaulay, in his personal appearance, and in the material or physical part of his oratory, contradicts altogether the ideal portrait one has formed on reading his speeches. Every man would, of course, have his own especial hallucination; but the chances are ten to one that the majority would have associated with his subject every physical attribute of the intellectual—investing him in imagination with a noble and dignified presence, and especially with a voice fit to give utterance to those fine passages of declamation with which his speeches abound. The contrast of the reality is, in many respects, striking. Nature has grudged Mr. Macaulay height and fine proportion, and his voice is one of the most monotonous and least agreeable of those which usually belong to our countrymen north of the Tweed—a voice well adapted to give utterance with precision to the conclusions of the intellect, but in no way naturally formed to express feeling or passion. Mr. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same roundness as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else, except the voice, is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food.

In the house of commons, the same abstraction is still his chief characteristic. He enters the house with a certain pole-star to guide him—his seat; how he reaches it seems as if it were a process unknown to him. Seated, he folds his arms and sits in silence, seldom speaking to his colleagues, or appearing to notice what is going forward. If he has prepared himself for a speech, it will be remarked that he comes down much earlier than usual, being very much addicted to speaking before the dinner-hour. When, of course, his memory would be more likely to serve him than at a later hour in the night, after having endured for hours the hot atmosphere of the house, and the disturbing influences of an animated debate. It is observable, too, that, on such occasions, a greater number of members than usual may be seen loitering about the house. An opening is made in the discussion, and he rises, or rather darts up from his seat, plunging at once into the very heart of his subject, without exordium or apologetic pre-

face. In fact, you have for a few seconds heard a voice, pitched in alto, monotonous, and rather shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity ere you have become aware that a new speaker, and one of no common order, has broken in upon the debate. A few seconds more, and cheers, perhaps from all parts of the house, rouse you completely from your apathy, compelling you to follow that extremely voluble and not very enticing voice in its rapid course through the subject on which the speaker is entering with a resolute determination, as it seems, never to pause. You think of an express train which does not stop even at the chief stations. On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant, even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigor as it proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted, and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him.

Yet, although you have been astonished, stimulated to intellectual exertion, thoroughly roused, and possibly even convinced, no impression whatever has been made by the orator upon your feelings: nor has he created any confidence in himself apart from the argument he has used. And yet, strange to say, perhaps it is because his oration has been too faultless. He exhibits none of the common weakness of even the greatest speakers. He never entices you, as it were, to help him by the confession of any difficulty. The intellectual preponderates too much. More heart and less mind would serve his turn better. How different is Lord John Russell! Though with a responsibility so much greater, how often he appears to be in want of a thought, a word, or an illustration! He, as it were, lets you into the secret of his difficulties, and so a sort of friendship grows up. You see him making up for his part; he does not keep you before the curtain and then try to dazzle you with his spangles and fine feathers;—so you acquire a confidence in him. Not so Mr. Macaulay. He astonishes you, quells your faculties; but he, at the same time, keeps you at a distance. Always powerful and influential as he must be in the councils of his party, he would never have a following in the country. He is too didactic. He never thoroughly warms up his audience. It is not his defective voice, for Mr. Sheil is as badly, if not worse off in this respect; yet what a flame he can kindle! The cause lies in his inveterate habit of preparing his speeches, even to the very words and phrases, and committing them to memory long before the hour of delivery. Partial preparation is allowable in the greatest orators. Exordiums, and perorations, and the general sketch of the speech may well be arranged and shaped beforehand; but let some scope be left for the impulse of the moment. The greatest thoughts are often those struck out by the mind when at heat: in debate they are caught up by minds in a congenial state. Even a lower order of excellence will at such times produce a greater effect. It is wonderful, how-

ever, how well Mr. Macaulay contrives to adapt these cool productions of the closet to temperaments exerted by party. If a counterfeit could ever stand competition with the reality, these mock-heroics of Mr. Macaulay certainly would not have the worst chance. When he is called up suddenly, under circumstances forbidding all preparation, his speeches produce a much greater immediate effect. As compositions they may be inferior, but for practical purposes they are much better. On such occasions he has sometimes reached the height of real eloquence—not the eloquence of words and brilliant images, but that fervor and inspiring sincerity which comes direct from the heart and finds at once a kindred response.

SINGULAR MODE OF INCUBATION.—Mr. E. J. Eyre, in his journals of several expeditions he undertook into Central Australia, proceeding with a guide and several other natives, he came in one place to a large circular mound of sand, about two feet high and several yards in circumference; this his companions immediately began to explore, carefully throwing away the sand with their hands from the centre, until they had worked down to a deep narrow hole, round the sides of which, and imbedded in the sand, were four fine large eggs of a delicate pink color, and fully the size of a goose-egg. I had often seen these hills before, but did not know that they were nests, and that they contained so valuable a prize to a traveller in the desert. The eggs were presented to me by the natives; and, when cooked, were of a very rich and delicate flavor. The nest was that of a wild pheasant, (*Leipoa*), a bird of the size of a hen-pheasant of England, and greatly resembling it in appearance and plumage. These birds are very cautious and shy, and run rapidly through the underwood, rarely flying unless when closely pursued. The shell of the egg is thin and fragile; and the young are hatched entirely by the heat of the sun, scratching their way out as soon as they are born; at which time they are able to shift for themselves.

THE WANT OF SKILFUL AND EARNEST OPERATIVES.—Every architect in practice has cause to complain of the want of skilful and earnest operatives—men who understand the trade they profess to practise, find pleasure in the exercise of it, and are anxious to produce good work. We have before this commented on the decline apparent in many of the constructive arts, and showed that it proceeds from excessive competition, which induces the master to require a certain quantity of work from a man, without reference to its quality. He cannot afford to develop a man's ability, but demands the greatest amount of work in the smallest space of time. "Superior work won't do; work that will pass is all that he can hope to give;" and the natural result is, that our workmen, as a body, have gradually "lost their cunning," and that the majority of operatives now employed are incapable of executing work which is at all out of the common way. Our bricklayers and smiths afford the most striking examples of this decline; the old enthusiasm which still lingers, though feebly, amongst other trades, especially with the masons, seems to have departed from them; they do their work as mere laborers, and have no pride in the result. There are, of course, many clever exceptions, but we speak of the mass.—*The Builder*.

From Chambers' Journal.

PRISON ADVENTURES OF LAFAYETTE.

THE Marquis de Lafayette entered upon the scenes of the French Revolution with the idea fixed in his mind, that republican institutions were reconcilable with a monarchy. He was, therefore, a friend to the royal family, at the same time that he promoted the reforms which were successively conducted by the States-General and the Legislative Assembly. His chivalric fidelity to Louis and Marie Antoinette was powerfully tried on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, when, as commander of the National Guards, he protected them from the populace who had assailed them in their palace of Versailles. Subsequently, when the king was deposed and imprisoned (August, 1792,) Lafayette, then with the army on the frontiers, endeavored to incite the soldiers to march upon Paris, in order to restore the throne, and put down Petion, Danton, and their associates. But the revolutionary tide, impelled as it was by the fears of the people for the foreign armies pressing on the country, was too strong to be thus resisted; and a few days thereafter, Lafayette was obliged to seek his own safety by flying from the kingdom.

He and the officers of kindred sentiments by whom he was accompanied, had scarcely passed the frontier, when their farther progress was arrested by a body of the Limburg volunteers; and the national cockade, which, unthinkingly, they had retained, betraying them to the leader, they were, by his command, arrested and conveyed to the prison of Luxembourg, from thence removed to Wesel, then to Magdeburg, and lastly to Olmütz.

On the plea of Lafayette having been seized on neutral ground, and that, having ceased to be a soldier, he could not properly be considered a prisoner of war, strenuous efforts from all quarters were made to obtain his release; but the emperor of Germany, who regarded him as a principal instigator of the Revolution, as well as one of the chief instruments of the insulting degradation and subsequent death of the royal family of France, was not to be moved. The vengeance of Robespierre for the loss of his victim was, meanwhile, wreaked with savage inveteracy against the unfortunate wife of Lafayette; for no sooner was the escape of her husband known, than that unhappy lady was arrested and thrown into prison. She escaped death by something like a miracle; different members of her family perished on the scaffold; and she herself, for the space of fifteen months, endured all the horrors of a loathsome confinement. On the death of the tyrant she was released from prison, and so soon as her health was sufficiently reinstated to allow of her undertaking so long a journey, without servants, or the means of procuring the most necessary comforts, she, accompanied by her children, set out for Vienna, and, throwing herself at the feet of the emperor, implored his influence for the liberation of her husband.

What Francis III. had denied to the various authorities interested in the fate of Lafayette, he yielded to pity; and, raising the suppliant, he granted her request, allowed of her repairing immediately to Olmütz, and held out the prospect of the speedy deliverance of the prisoner. Whether the emperor afterwards regretted the clemency he had shown, or that other powers were interested in prolonging the captivity of Lafayette, does not appear; but so far from obtaining his hoped for

release, Madame de Lafayette found herself and her daughters immured in the same dungeons that contained her husband. I have, however, anticipated this event, for it was not until within two years of the release of Lafayette, that his wife and family were thus unexpectedly made the partners of his imprisonment.

Two years of solitary confinement had, from the period of his capture, been dragged on by Lafayette, when the romantic scheme of procuring his liberation was formed by one, an utter stranger to the prisoner, and a foreigner. From motives of pure compassion, and an earnest desire to free from so galling a thralldom the great promoter of liberty, M. Balman,* a Hanoverian by birth—young, active, intrepid, and intelligent—repaired, alone and on foot, to Olmütz, there to gain such information as might enable him to judge of the best means of executing the purpose he had in view, and releasing Lafayette from the power of Austria. He soon found that, without an able coadjutor, the difficulties that presented themselves were insurmountable, and repaired, therefore, to Vienna, where he devoted himself exclusively to the society of young Americans; for among them, from their veneration of the character of Lafayette, he hoped to find one who, with enthusiasm like his own, would dare the great undertaking.

What followed is interesting as a proof that the spirit of nationality may engender a principle of gratitude. Lafayette, as is well known, had in his early youth proceeded to America, and served in her armies. Shipwrecked at his first arrival, he had been kindly received into the house of a gentleman named Huger, residing in Charleston. And by him was the youthful votary of liberty introduced to the American army. By chance, a son of this gentleman was now in Vienna, and to him did M. Balman apply. Although a mere child when the shipwrecked party visited his father's house, the young American retained a vivid recollection of, and the highest admiration for, M. de Lafayette; and he entered, therefore, with all the zealous ardor of youth, and the enthusiasm of a generous nature, into Balman's scheme for the release of his favorite hero.

From the vigilance of the Austrian police, and their jealous watchfulness of strangers, it was necessary that the greatest caution and secrecy should be maintained, and the scheme proposed promised well for the completion of their design. Huger assumed the pretence of ill health, and M. Balman, who had already adopted the character of a physician, was upon this account to travel with him. In company with only one servant, who was not entrusted with the secret, and mounted upon the best horses money could procure, the friends set out on their tour; and visiting different places, the better to conceal their real purpose, and confirm the idea that curiosity was the motive of their journey, they lingered so long at each, that a considerable time had elapsed before their reaching Olmütz.

As they had desired, a rumor of their insatiable curiosity had preceded them thither: and, acting up to their assumed character, after viewing everything worthy of notice in the town, they repaired to the castle, examined the fortifications, and, having made acquaintance with the keeper, obtained permission to visit the interior of the prison on the following day.

Thus their first step being happily achieved,

* Dr. Eric Bollman.—LIVING AGE.

they continued, by frequent visits, to improve their acquaintance with the jailer; and now trusting that any suspicion of their intentions, had it ever existed, must be lulled to sleep, they ventured carelessly to inquire what prisoners were under his care. Among other names, that of Lafayette was mentioned, and they expressed curiosity to know how he contrived to occupy himself, how he bore his imprisonment, and whether greater indulgences were granted to him than to captives of lesser note. He was, they were informed, strictly confined, but, on the plea of bad health, had obtained permission, under charge of an armed guard, to take daily exercise without the walls. Besides this, he was allowed the use of books, pen, ink, and paper. M. Balman then remarked, that some new publications he had with him might afford amusement to the prisoner, and inquired whether he might be allowed to make the offer.

The jailer agreed, upon condition that they were sent open, so as to assure himself, he said, that no conspiracy was to be carried on against the state. This caution was complied with, and the same evening a book and open note, addressed to Lafayette, were sent to his care. As afterwards appeared, he was unacquainted with the French, the language in which the note was written; but, suspecting no treachery where all was so openly carried on, he conveyed it to Lafayette. It contained apologies for the liberty thus taken by strangers, but as they were anxious, they said, to contribute to his happiness, they hoped he would attentively read the book they had sent, and if any passages in it particularly engaged his notice, they begged he would let them know his opinion.

This unusual mode of expression attracted, as was intended, the attention of Lafayette, and carefully perusing the book, he found in certain places words written with a pencil, which, being put together, acquainted him with the names, qualities, and designs of the writers, and requiring his sentiments before they should proceed further. He returned the book, and with it an open note, thanking them for their civility, and adding that he highly approved of, and was charmed with the contents.

Having thus commenced a correspondence, no day passed in which open notes were not written and received. Some of these were brought for the inspection of persons acquainted with the French language; but so carefully were they worded, that no cause of suspicion appeared, and the correspondence was allowed to continue. A greater difficulty, however, now appeared; for the plan of escape being at length arranged, they were at a loss how to acquaint Lafayette with particulars that could not be hazarded in an open note. A happy expedient presented itself; the whole was written in lemon juice, and on the other side of the paper, a note of inquiry after Lafayette's health concluded with these words, "*Quand vous aurez lu ce billet mettre le au feu.*" The experiment was a hazardous one, but it succeeded. The note was conveyed to Lafayette, and, obeying the injunctions given, on holding the paper to the fire, the writing that appeared made him acquainted with the well-digested scheme of his unknown benefactors.

The day following was that fixed for the attempted escape, and all the caution used by M. Balman and his friend was in truth required, to hold out any chance of success. The city of Olmütz, about thirty miles from Silesia, is situated

in the midst of a plain extending three miles on either side, and bounded by dark woods, so that the smallest object on any part of the level ground is distinctly visible from the walls. Sentinels, too, hold a continual guard, for the purpose of giving the alarm should any attempt at escape be made, and the whole people are bound to assist in the pursuit, while the successful individual is liberally rewarded for the recapture of a prisoner.

These obstacles to the success of their scheme were well known to the adventurous friends of Lafayette; but they were not intimidated, and the hour of exercise allowed to the prisoner was that selected for its completion.

In company of an officer, and attended by an armed guard mounted behind the carriage, Lafayette was in the habit of daily driving in an open cabriolet on the plain, and had so far won upon the confidence of the officer, that when at a distance from the walls, they used to quit the carriage and walk together.

The plan determined upon was as follows:—Balman and Huger were to ride out on the plain, the latter leading a third horse, while Lafayette was to gain as great a distance as possible from the town, and, as usual, quitting the carriage with the officer, draw him imperceptibly as near the boundaries as might be, without awakening his suspicion. The two friends were then to approach, and, if necessary, to overpower the officer, mount Lafayette on the led horse, and ride at full speed to Bautrapp, a town at the distance of fifteen miles, where a chaise had been prepared to convey the party to the nearest town on the Prussian dominions. In the morning, Huger had attempted to ascertain the precise time at which Lafayette would leave the castle, and then, with beating hearts, they set forward on their expedition; but having almost reached the wooded country, and still no carriage appearing, they believed that some unforeseen accident had led to their discovery, and hesitated how to proceed, till, recollecting that their movements were in all probability watched from the walls, they slowly retraced their steps, and, on nearing the town, beheld, to their great satisfaction, the wished-for cabriolet pass through the gates. It contained two persons. One was in the Austrian uniform, and a musketeer as usual was mounted behind. Neither of the friends being personally acquainted with M. de Lafayette, a signal had been agreed upon between them. In passing, it was made, returned, and the carriage moved on, they continuing for a time their ride towards the town, and then slowly following the cabriolet at such a distance as to allow of Lafayette's executing his part of the agreement. Upon the two gentlemen quitting the carriage, and continuing their exercise on foot, the friends gradually approached, and perceiving M. de Lafayette and the officer engaged in earnest conversation about the sword of the latter, which Lafayette held in his hand, they seized the favorable moment, and, putting spurs to their horses, galloped forward. Their rapid approach alarmed the officer: he attempted to draw Lafayette towards the carriage; and finding that he resisted, struggled to repossess himself of his sword. At that moment Huger reached the spot. "You are free," said he: "mount this horse, and fortune be our guide;" but the words were scarcely uttered, when the sun, glancing on the naked blade of the sword, startled the horse he led: he reared, broke his bridle, and galloped across the plain. M. Balman,

in the vain hope of overtaking the frightened animal, rode after him, while Huger generously insisted on Lafayette mounting his horse, and making all speed to the place of rendezvous. "Lose no time," he exclaimed; "the alarm is given; the peasants are assembling; save yourself." Lafayette obeyed, and mounting Huger's horse, he left him on foot, and was soon out of sight. M. Balman had, meantime, pursued the flying animal, but perceiving it had taken the road to the town, he gave up the chase as hopeless, and returning to Huger, he sprang on the saddle behind him, and they galloped off together. But the double burden proved too much for the already wearied horse. He stumbled and fell; and M. Balman, thrown to some distance by the shock, was so injured, as with difficulty to be raised from the ground. Once more the gallant Huger, with the same forgetfulness of self that had characterized him through the whole undertaking, sacrificed the chance of his own safety to secure that of his friend, and, assisting Balman to remount, he insisted that he should follow Lafayette, and leave him to make his escape on foot; for, as he was a good runner, he said he could easily reach the woody country, and then find a safe place of concealment. His friend consented with reluctance; but there was no time for argument: the whole occurrence had been seen from the walls, the cannon had been fired, the country was raised, and the plain covered with men, women, and children, all eager to join in the pursuit. By pretending to follow in the chase, Balman contrived to escape unsuspected. Huger was less fortunate. Noticed from the very first by a party who never lost sight of him, his fleetness of foot was of no avail; for his pursuers being constantly joined by new comers, fresh for the chase, they soon gained upon him, and at last, breathless and exhausted, he sank upon the ground. He was instantly seized; and further resistance being now hopeless, he was conveyed back to Olmütz in triumph; and while secretly consoling himself with the idea that, whatever might be his own fate, he had rescued from tyranny and oppression, the man who, in his eyes, was one of the first characters upon earth, was consigned to one of the dungeons of the castle as a state prisoner.

M. de Lafayette had, meanwhile, followed the directions given by his gallant deliverers, and, without any obstacle, had reached a small town about ten miles off; but here the road dividing, he unfortunately took the wrong turn, and suspecting he had mistaken the way, inquired of a person whom he met the road to Bautrapp. The appearance of Lafayette, his foreign accent, the inquiries he made, and his horse covered as it was with foam, led the man to suspect the truth, and directing him to a narrow lane which, by a long circuit, led back to the town he had just left, he himself hurried there by a shorter cut; and thus, when about to regain, as he thought, the road which would secure his retreat, Lafayette found himself surrounded by a guard of armed men, who, regardless of his protestations, conveyed him to the magistrate. His collected manner, the plausible answers returned to the interrogations put to him, and the apparent truth of his story—that, belonging to the excise at Trappau, he had visited some friends at Olmütz, and having exceeded his leave of absence, was now hurrying back under the fear of losing his office—all so won upon the faith of the magistrate, that he was about to dismiss his

prisoner, when the good fortune of Lafayette again forsook him. As he was about to retire, a young man entered the room to have some papers signed, and after fixing his eyes for a moment on Lafayette, he whispered to the magistrate that, having been present when the French general was delivered up prisoner to the Austrians, he could not be mistaken, and that the person now before him was he.

Lafayette intreated to be heard; but in vain. The indignant magistrate directed that he forthwith should be conveyed to Olmütz, where his identity would be ascertained; and, disheartened and hopeless, the unfortunate prisoner was thrust again into those miserable dungeons which but that morning he had left with so fair a prospect of liberty. M. Balman, the first instigator of the whole scheme, was now the only one who had successfully avoided the search of his pursuers. He reached in safety the place where the chaise had been ordered to wait their coming, and finding it still there, yet no appearance of Lafayette, he foreboded evil. For some time he lingered, in the hope of their coming, and then dismissing the chaise, trusted that his friends, having made their escape by a different route, might still meet, as had been agreed upon, on the frontiers of Prussia. Three days from that time a rumor reached him that Lafayette had been retaken, and, eager to learn the truth, he took the road to Olmütz. He was not long left in suspense; the whole story of the attempted escape and the recapture of the prisoner, was well known; and in addition to this he learned the fact of his generous and disinterested friend, the young and gallant Huger, having shared the same fate.

This last seems to have been too much for the sensitive mind of M. Balman, and, in despair at having been the primary cause of misfortune to the young American, he resolved, since he could not rescue his friend from captivity, to share it with him, and voluntarily surrendering himself, he was committed a prisoner to the castle. Such was the unfortunate issue of a plan which, for skilful projection and generous self-devotion, merited a happier close. But even now, the friends little apprehended what was to follow. Being directed to prepare for examination, they believed that, having told their story, and declared the real motives of their attempt, they might be subjected to perhaps a short imprisonment, but no more; and great, therefore, was their amazement on finding themselves accused of having entered into a conspiracy against the Austrian government, and that they were consequently to stand a trial for life or death.

Huger was first placed at the bar. As he was unacquainted with the Austrian language, the examination was carried on by means of an interpreter—a young man who, by his looks and voice, seemed to compassionate the situation of the prisoner, and who, when repeating his answers to the court, omitted such expressions as he thought might tend to his disadvantage. Huger quickly caught at the good intentions of his new friend, and resolving to rely on his judgment, he took the kindly hints as they were intended. One examination followed another; and the repeated exhortation of the magistrate to prepare for the worst, for that there was little likelihood of a pardon being obtained, forced upon the unfortunate Huger the unwelcome conviction, that he had laid down his own life for the visionary project of rescuing a

stranger from imprisonment. The severity of his treatment also exceeded that even of Lafayette; the dungeon in which he had been placed was without light, he was fed upon the coarsest food, during the night was chained to the floor of the vault, and his own clothes, which had been taken from him, were replaced with those worn by many an unfortunate predecessor.

For three months he dragged on this miserable existence; but at the end of that time there was some amendment in his condition; he was removed to a better room, into which was admitted a small but welcome light; better clothes, and more wholesome food, were allowed him; and altogether, his circumstances were improved: but he still continued in total ignorance as to what his future fate was to be; for the jailer, the only human being he ever saw, was unable or unwilling to answer any questions on the subject. At length one day, much to his surprise and joy, his young friend the interpreter entered his cell, and nothing could exceed the delight of the poor prisoner at once again meeting with a kindly face. Huger now learned for the first time the total failure of their scheme—that Lafayette had been retaken, and that Balman, a fellow-prisoner, was under the same roof with himself. Shortly afterwards, he discovered him to be in the room immediately above his own; and, after various efforts, he succeeded in holding communication with him, in a manner as venturesome and ingenious as that adopted with M. de Lafayette. The window, which threw a borrowed light into his own cell, served likewise to light that of Balman, and, with a piece of lime taken from the wall, Huger contrived to scratch a few words upon a black silk handkerchief, which, by fastening to a stick, and climbing up the side of the room, he raised as near the common window as he could. It attracted the attention of M. Balman, and, after many efforts, making himself master of it, he returned an answer by the same method. From this time no day passed without their holding communication with each other; while to the exertions of the friendly interpreter they were indebted for the means of making their situation still more comfortable. By small presents and occasional bribes of money, he had secured the good offices of the wife of the jailer, so that, secretly, she provided them with books, food, wine, and warmer clothes. Through her interest also the two friends procured a long-wished-for meeting. At first the visit was short, but by degrees becoming less timorous, they were permitted to pass some part of every day together.

The government being at length satisfied that the attempt to liberate Lafayette had been planned independently by these two adventurers, and was not, as was supposed, a plot laid by the secret agents of France, they were remitted to receive sentence from the supreme magistrate of Olmütz. In this condition they were permitted every indulgence but that of liberty; and, in the enjoyment of each other's society, and the hope of a speedy release, were already beginning to forget past suffering, when, by a visit from their newly-found friend, the kindly interpreter, they learned with dismay that the intended punishment was to be heavy indeed, seeing it was no less than imprisonment for life. A hint was at the same time con-

veyed that, if by any means they could procure money, that sentence might be changed for one much less severe, as it was in the power of the magistrate to make it what he chose, and even to release them entirely.

This information seemed to bode the unfortunate prisoners little, at least of immediate good; for Balman had no fortune, and Huger being without credit in Austria, could not, within a short time, receive a remittance from England. Their friend, however, did not desert them; he withdrew, promising to use all his influence for their release; and it is probable he had already formed that design, which the generosity of another, equally a stranger to the prisoners, whose name, instead of being unknown, should be published aloud, enabled him afterwards so happily to carry through. A Russian nobleman of large fortune, residing near Olmütz, was perhaps, from a resemblance in character, the most intimate friend of the young interpreter, and from him had learned the whole story of the projected release of Lafayette, of its failure, and of the generous conduct of the two friends. To him W—, for the initial only has been given for the name of the good Samaritan, flew for assistance in this new difficulty; and having stated the case as it then stood, he was about to intreat, in his own name, a loan for the use of the prisoners, when he was interrupted by an offer of whatever sum might be required to secure their release.

Judging the heart of his noble friend by his own, he hesitated not for a moment to accept the offer, and scarcely affording himself time to speak the gratitude he felt, he hurried off to sound the sentiments of the magistrate. His situation as interpreter afforded him the desired opportunity, and he soon discovered that the hints thrown out of the chance of a large reward, led the upright judge to listen favorably to any proposal for mitigating the severe punishment of the prisoners. The show even of delicacy was then laid aside; an exorbitant demand was made; and, after some further discussion, W— withdrew to arrange preliminaries, first with their generous benefactor, and lastly with the prisoners themselves. Matters now were soon settled; the term of their imprisonment was first fixed at fourteen years, then shortened to seven, soon after to one, then to a month, and lastly to a week, at the end of which time they were released from prison. The first use they made of restored liberty was, as may be supposed, to seek an interview with the Russian nobleman, and pour out their grateful acknowledgments for his unlooked-for and welcome munificence: while from the noble-minded and generous W—, to whose kindness they owed all the comforts they had experienced in prison, and to whose friendly and humane exertions they were ultimately indebted for their liberation, they parted with those feelings of esteem, admiration, and gratitude, which never afterwards faded from their recollection.

The principal hero of the tale did not, however, meet with so speedy a conclusion to his misfortunes; it was not till the year 1797, when, a peace taking place between Austria and France, that Lafayette was released from confinement at the request of the then General Bonaparte.

From Chambers' Journal.

A VISIT TO THE SLAVE MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the rising of the sun over Constantinople on the morning of the 5th of May, 1845. From the hotel in which we had already passed some days, I could watch to the greatest advantage the effect of his rays, as they stole down from the deep blue sky, and gradually lightened up the varied scene of enchantment that lay at my feet; gliding over the clear waters of the Bosphorus, glittering on every tree and flower of its innumerable gardens, and rendering visible the graceful *caïques* that were shooting to and fro beneath their shade.

Soon the soft light had caught on every slender minaret and golden dome. St. Sophia's, towering above the rest, stood out in strong relief against the clear sky. The exquisite effects of light and shade, produced on the Seraglio Point by the contrast of the dark cypresses with the fresher green of the luxuriant shrubberies, became beautifully striking; and the palace itself, with its admirable Oriental architecture, added not a little to the singular loveliness of the scene. On leaving the sea of Marmora to enter the Bosphorus, I own I had been thoroughly disappointed with the first view of the city. This was partly caused by the weather being dull and gloomy; for the Bosphorus, without sunshine, is like a fair face without a smile; but it is also certain that no one should judge of this queen of eastern cities from the first view of her position; it is not till the Seraglio Point is fairly passed, and Europe and Asia lie on either side, like a vast garden divided by a mighty river, that her unquestionable beauty bursts on the mind, and Venice and Naples sink into utter insignificance in comparison. I had already had ample time to become convinced of this, and yet, on the morning of which I speak, as I looked down on the bright Oriental city, I could not help applying to it the words of the poet—"The fairest things have still the worst fate." This reflection was caused by my having that day made arrangements to visit what has been aptly termed the plague-spot of this fair land—the slave market. Surely it is a bitter thing to think that the most beautiful city of which Europe can boast, should also be the scene of her most degrading and revolting commerce; that the spot where nature has lavished her most luxuriant loveliness, should be defaced by the foulest stain on humanity. I had little or no idea of what the slave-trade in European Turkey really was, notwithstanding my long residence in the East, until this day, when I visited the seat of it. I own it seems strange to me that the many travellers who pour every day into Constantinople should, in their published accounts of that city, show themselves so singularly indifferent, or perhaps so politic, as to touch very slightly on what, at least to those who profess the name of Christian, must be a most painful sight. I believe the simple recital of what I saw will justify me in speaking strongly on the subject.

On the morning, then, of the 5th of May, I set out to visit the slave market, in company with a fellow-traveller who, by his great talent and extensive information, has already attained an elevated position in his own country, and who, if he lives to follow up his brilliant career, will undoubtedly give to France a name that all Europe will delight to honor. I had already visited most of the lions

of Constantinople in his company, a pleasure greatly enhanced by his sound and original observations. All that the city possessed of splendor had been displayed before us—the Seraglio, St. Sophia's, and the singular and somewhat repulsive magnificence of the tombs of the sultans, who have been laid down to rot and decay in their gorgeous sarcophagi, in what is neither more nor less than an elegant lady's drawing-room. All this formed the subject of our conversation as we toiled along the villanous streets of Pera, mutually agreeing that there was very little real comfort in all this Oriental magnificence. We passed through several of the bazaars, long covered passages, with stalls on either side, and crowded at that early hour with half the population of the "quartier." We had some difficulty in pushing our way through the very phlegmatic Turkish crowd; but our guide, who was a Frenchman long established in the East, walked stoically on, armed with a long stick, with which he vigorously attacked the stupid wolfish-looking dogs which lay literally in masses on the streets. At length we reached the place of our destination. It was a long low building, forming a square of considerable size. We mounted a few unsteady dirty steps, and found ourselves on a large wooden platform, running the whole length of the building. It was divided into pens, shut in by wooden railings, in which were confined the black slaves; whilst through the open doors leading into the house itself we could distinguish the veiled forms of the white women grouped behind the wooden screens. On benches, so placed as to command a view of both, were seated the buyers, for the most part heavy, ill-looking Turks, dressed in the hideous costume introduced by the late sultan, and occupied as usual in smoking, though the quick glance of their calm, piercing eyes, seemed to take in everything around in complete detail. The sellers stood before them, vociferating and gesticulating in the true Oriental manner. The court below, which we were to visit afterwards, was filled with all the less valuable part of this human merchandise, consisting of those afflicted with any infirmity, very aged persons, and young children. It was some time before we comprehended the scene in all its details; it is not to be wondered at that we were stupified in witnessing such a sight on European ground. At length we approached one of the pens, determined to examine, to the fullest extent, into all that was revolting and horrible in this market of human life. It was filled with young Circassian women, some of whom were remarkably handsome. They were seated close together on the ground, seemingly in an attitude of listless despondency, with their long white garments flowing round them. As we came up, they fixed their large dark eyes upon us, and I certainly never met a gaze of more unutterable sadness. The conviction thrilled through me, as my eyes met theirs, that these unfortunate beings *are not*, as modern philanthropists would have us believe, utterly unconscious of, and incapable of feeling the dishonor and wretchedness of their fate. I felt, as I stood before them, and encountered their soft melancholy glance, that they looked on me as the free and happy stranger come to gaze on them in their infamy and their misery. Presently the slave-trader, to whom the poor creatures belonged, came up, followed by a tall phlegmatic-looking Turk, with the unmeaning features and coarse corpulency which are so characteristic of his nation. The merchant advanced, and seizing one of the slaves by the arm, forced her to stand

up before this personage, who, it appeared, wished to buy her. He looked at her for a few minutes from head to foot, whilst her master descanted on her merits; then he placed one hand on the back of her neck, whilst he jerked her head rudely with the other, so as to force her to open her mouth, that he might examine her teeth; he roughly handled her neck and arms, to ascertain if the flesh were firm; and, in short, the examination was such, that I do not hesitate to declare I have seen a horse or a dog more tenderly treated under similar circumstances. After all, the decision was unfavorable, for the Turk turned away with a contemptuous movement of the head, and the slave-dealer, in a rage, thrust back the unfortunate creature, who sunk down trembling amongst her companions in misery.

Neither my friend nor I had uttered a word during this scene; we stood silent side by side, and mechanically followed our guide, who led us into the adjoining enclosure. Here we became witnesses to a sale that was just about to be completed. A most interesting group presented itself before us: two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling; he was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing, with considerable animation, the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and the most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected; nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety, with which both had followed the progress of sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived. She whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long heart-rending gaze. It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery: but the Turk was impatient: he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonized farewell was over. In another moment we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms. Our guide would have led us into another pen, but we had seen enough; we hurried through the various groups till we reached the open court; then for the first time we addressed each other, and the same words burst simultaneously from the lips of both—"C'est infâme!"

"But I have heard," I said, willing to relieve myself from the painful oppression this sight had

caused, "that these poor slaves are brought up to this situation from their infancy, and, knowing nothing else, do not feel their degradation or their misery."

"Let us ask Joseph," said my friend, shaking his head incredulously; "he is an intelligent person, and can doubtless initiate us into the mysteries of the slave-trade. Are these wretched creatures born in captivity?" he asked, addressing the guide; "or, if not, how are they procured?"

"Very easily, monsieur," said Joseph composedly. "None of these are born slaves, and they are all procured in the same manner. Any pacha who wishes an addition to his establishment, mans a vessel with a well-armed crew, and sends it over to Circassia. They go on shore, penetrate some little distance into the country, attack the first quiet village they come to, burn it to the ground if they meet with any resistance, and carry off all the women and children. They throw them in a heap into the hold of the ship, and bring them to Constantinople. The pacha chooses what he thinks fit for himself, and then sends the rest to the slave market. Some of the more extensive slave-dealers often undertake such expeditions on their own account."

"But after they are bought they are well treated, are they not?" I asked.

"In many cases they are. It depends entirely on the temper of the master: he has the power of life and death over them; and at all events the bastinado is always more or less in use."

"And what is the fate of the children who are brought in such numbers into the world in consequence of this most infamous system?" asked my friend.

"They are sold as slaves," said Joseph.

"Do you mean to say that they sell their own flesh and blood?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly they do. They can acknowledge them, and give them their freedom if they choose; but they never do. They have the children of their wives to provide for, and that is enough."

We asked no more questions, for we had heard quite sufficient, and willingly turned our attention to the inhabitants of the court in which we now stood. The sight which presented itself here was even more revolting than what we had already seen. Huddled together on dirty mats, and exposed to the full power of the burning noon-day sun, lay a number of miserable-looking beings—blinded, lame, and deformed; some crawling about on crutches, others unable to use their distorted limbs; and, in short, afflicted with every imaginable infirmity. Nothing can be conceived more wretched than their fate. They are considered as almost quite worthless by their masters, and are starved and beaten in proportion as their misfortunes render them unprofitable. This lasts till they are bought in lots for a mere trifle by some one who takes them as a sort of speculation, trusting that, amongst several, one or two may be found of use: the treatment of the remainder may be imagined! We distributed a few paras amongst them, which they begged from us in tones of the most piteous entreaty, and then left the slave market, to embark in the caïque which was to convey us to visit the vast burial-grounds of Scutari; and we had ample time, whilst traversing the quiet waters which separate Europe from Asia, to reflect on all we had seen and heard.

The inhuman system of the slave-trade had been fully displayed before us, and imagination pictured

to us the brutal servants of yet more brutal masters coming down like a pestilence on the happy repose of some quiet Circassian village—disturbing the peace of innocent and harmless lives—trampling under their rude steps the dear home which had been perhaps for years the sanctuary of domestic and natural affection—rifling these rustic dwellings of their brightest treasures, and tearing, with the ruthless power of armed force, the wife from her husband, the bride from her lover, and the child from her parents. And when every tie which makes life dear is broken, and the chains of a hopeless captivity are securely riveted on the limbs of the broken-hearted slaves—when they have been subdued by blows, and have ate the food thrown to them as to a dog—when they have been displayed for sale, and the living, palpitating flesh and blood has been bought and sold like the vilest merchandise—then what is the fate reserved for them? The facts I witnessed were too deplorable and too palpable to admit of temporizing or hiding a bitter truth under the colorless refinement of modern “convenience.” These beings, formed in the image of God, go forth to make a trade of their very wretchedness, to gain their bread by a life of infamy, and to bring into the world a miserable offspring, stigmatized from their very birth, and destined to the same unnatural existence. And where is it that this commerce of human life is carried on, day after day, in all its unconcealed details of refined brutality? In Europe! in civilized Europe! within fifteen days of Paris and London, under the very eyes of thousands of travellers, who openly go to witness this “curious sight,” and as openly return to free England and liberal France to publish the “interesting account!” Surely these nominally Christian countries are strangely apathetic on this subject! But the reason is most obvious; the abolition of the slave-trade in European Turkey would necessarily involve a great political question. “La Question d’Orient” is of too much importance to the three Great Powers—who have chosen it as the field of their diplomatic manœuvres—to admit of mere humanity weighing in the scale. Yet I think, were there a few more *honest* revelations of some of the secret doings of the Sublime Porte, no one could visit Turkey without at least earnestly wishing that this beautiful and valuable country might pass into other hands than those of the Turks.

Much has been said in favor of this people, and until I had sufficient opportunity of judging them without prejudice, I was decidedly prepossessed in their favor. The feelings with which I now regard them may therefore fairly be admitted to result solely from the actual facts witnessed. With some few redeeming qualities—honesty, cleanliness, and real respect for their religion, such as it is—it appears to me that the Turks are an essentially cruel, sensual, and unfeeling race. What I have mentioned on the subject of slavery, is but one of the many inhuman and cold-blooded systems which demonstrate this only too plainly. To give another instance, I may mention an atrocity currently in practice, though perhaps not generally known. In order to prevent the inconvenience or the danger of there being too many members of the royal family in the direct line of succession to the throne, all the children of the sultan’s numerous brothers and sisters are systematically strangled a few hours after their birth, and the infant forms, still warm with the life which is torn from them, ere well received, are thrown into the Bosphorus.

Oh, could they speak, those beautiful, serene, and voiceless waters, how many an awful tale of blood and infamy they would reveal! Could they but open and display to the stoical gaze of the travellers who glide in such delicious ease over their glassy bosom, the putrifying mass which loads their hidden depths, formed by the mangled bodies of those innumerable victims! It seemed to me, as the light caïque which bore me shot over the scarce rippling waves, that I beheld the venerable form of the good old patriarch (who, twenty years before, was flung there, warm and bleeding, from the hands of his executioners) floating by with his white hair dabbled in blood, and his hands still uplifted in the last vain prayer for mercy. I know not if this appalling history is generally known, but the blood of that holy old man alone would suffice to leave an indelible stain on the Turkish nation.

It was at the period of the first outbreak of the war of independence, whereby Greece attained her nominal liberty; the news had reached Constantinople of the revolt of some of the more distant provinces; it was, I think, on Easter Sunday, or some other high festival of the church; thousands of the Greeks inhabiting the city were assembled at the cathedral where the venerable patriarch was administering the communion. The Turks, infuriated on finding that the slaves they had so long crushed beneath their haughty feet had still retained in their degradation some spark of the unextinguishable love of liberty, now rushed to the church, crying out for vengeance. The Greeks, whose necks were still too completely under the Moslem yoke to attempt resistance even had their numbers been adequate, fell back before the irritated crowd. The patriarch, bending beneath the weight of eighty years, stood on the steps of the altar, his withered hands uplifted to bless the people; the Turks rushed towards him, they seized him, and tore him down to the ground; they twined their sacrilegious hands in the flowing white hair that fell round his venerated head, they dragged him over the stone pavement of the church, through the open street, to the foot of the nearest tree—and there, still in his pontifical robes, with the last accents of the half-uttered blessing trembling on his withered lips, they passed a common rope round his neck, and hung him, along with three of his cardinals! It did not take long to extinguish the feeble spark of life in that aged frame. As soon as he was dead, they cut him down and flung him into the Bosphorus. By some strange accident the body did not sink. That same evening a Russian vessel was sailing towards the entrance of the Black Sea, on its way to Odessa; suddenly a sight presented itself which caused the superstitious crew to fall on their knees, seized with a reverential awe. Gently borne along by the current the body of the murdered patriarch came floating by. The holy old man lay on the bosom of the waters, still and serene as a child in dreamless sleep. His pontifical robes were folded decently around him; his hands were yet in the posture of prayer; his hoary head moved slowly with its undulating pillow; and the distinctive mark of his priesthood, the long snowy hair, flowed over the wave. With a respect amounting to worship, the Russian sailors drew the corpse from the water, and carried it to Odessa, where he was buried. He has since been canonized, and is now considered one of their most powerful saints.

But it were indeed useless to multiply instances

of Turkish barbarity; any one at all acquainted with the modern history of the Ottoman empire cannot be ignorant of them. Would it were rather possible to suggest some means by which the most fertile and beautiful country in Europe might be rescued from the hands of a race whose social systems, whose religion of crimes permitted and sensuality authorized, whose government of open despotism and concealed intrigue, have succeeded in rendering it the abode of the most deep-seated and corroding evils. In fact, the Turks, deists in theory, are materialists in practice. But such was the policy of the wily founder of their creed; it is evident that he well understood the bent of the human mind, and felt that he could not fail to render his own name immortal by giving them a religion essentially formed to administer to every selfish passion.

But, alas! though slight the tenor by which the indolent Mussulmans keep possession of their promising and fertile country, at a time like the present, when expediency, and expediency alone, is the mainspring of every government, we may not look to see it wrested from their loose and easy grasp. So carelessly, indeed, do they sit in possession, so perfectly sure that no nation will ever be audacious enough to attack them, that their empire is in fact already crumbling into dust beneath their feet; and assuredly it would require but a very slight movement on the part of any one of the great European powers to conquer and subdue it entirely, if the resistance were only from the internal force of the country. How many a brave old Palikar in Greece makes it his dream by night and his thought by day, that he may yet behold his countrymen march triumphant into the land to which they claim a prior right! Doubtless this is of all dreams the most futile; yet had Greece, which may well be compared to a frail and tempest-driven bark, been provided with a wiser pilot at her helm, she might perhaps have deemed the vision not altogether vain. As it is, I think the wishes of every unprejudiced visitor in Turkey will limit themselves, for the present, to the earnest desire that those travellers who so assiduously publish their observations, would at least frankly and openly relate what they see; and when the flimsy veil which diplomacy has thrown over the actual state of the Ottoman empire is raised for them, as to a certain extent it must be for every intelligent observer, let them not, complying with the culpable policy of the present day, conceal or extenuate the actual and most painful truths which must present themselves before them.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE SHOE-MENDER OF PORTSMOUTH.

ONE day, in passing along the streets of London, I was arrested by a crowd at a print-shop window. It is perhaps not altogether "respectable" to be seen forming one of such assemblages; but every man has his failings, and one of mine is, to take a peep at any very nice-looking prints which the sellers of these articles considerably put in their windows for the public amusement. On the present occasion, in taking a survey of the printseller's wares, I was much interested in observing a print which differed considerably from anything else in the window. Hanging between an opera dancer and a general—both pets of the public—was the representation of an old cobbler sitting professionally in his booth, with a shoe

in one hand and his knife in the other, while, with spectacles turned up over his brow, and head averted, he was apparently addressing a ragged urchin who stood beside him with a book. In the back-ground was a miscellaneous collection of books, lasts, old shoes, and bird-cages, interspersed with the heads and faces of a crowd of children—the whole forming an unique combination of a school and cobbler. Beneath was the inscription, "John Pounds and his school." I was, as I have said, interested, and I resolved to know something, if possible, of John Pounds and his seminary. On making inquiries accordingly, I discovered, through the agency of a little pamphlet, (sold by Green, 50 Newgate street,) who John Pounds was, and what kind of a school he conducted.

John Pounds was born of parents in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the dockyard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoemaking craft. The instructions he received in this profession, however, did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was diffident in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary street in his native town.

John was a good-natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence; and, like all other benevolent self-helpful people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, he was favored with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother; and, to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little boy, with his feet overlapping each other, and turned inwards. This poor child soon became an object of so much affection with John, as thoroughly to divide his attention with a variety of tame birds which he kept in his stall. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted, he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and set him fairly on his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew to read, and this he undertook also as a labor of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better if he had a companion—in which, no doubt, he was right, for solitary education is not a good thing—and he invited a poor neighbor to send him his children to be taught. This invitation was followed by others: John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain. "His humble workshop," to follow the language of his memoir, "was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared, to the observer from without, to be a mere

crowd of children's heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection, from among several subjects or candidates, for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the town-quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front-door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime."

Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labors, nor did he ever receive any? Of no note or account, his weather-boarded establishment was like a star radiating light around; but of the good he was doing, John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times, also, he was encouragingly noticed by the local authorities; but we do not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would doubtless have been considered a public benefactor, and honored accordingly; being only an amateur schoolmaster, and a reclamer from vice, John was allowed to find the full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbors, did this hero—for was he not a hero of the purest order!—spend a long and useful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more good to others. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, when looking at the picture of his school, which had been lately executed by Mr. Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was felt severely. "The abode of contented and peaceful frugality became at once a scene of desolation.

He and his nephew had made provision on the day for what was to them a luxurious repast. On the little mantelpiece remained uncooked a mugful of fresh sprats, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honor of the new year. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate." John Pounds was, as he had wished, called away, without bodily suffering, from his useful labors. He is gone to await the award of Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

WHEN streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of ingratitude wrang.—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare
"I now can forgive and forget."

But if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet.
And every one feels it is possible still,
And once to forgive and forget.

To forget! It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live;
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art;
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue;
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met,
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget!

Yes, yes, let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals—to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, forgive and forget.

From Chambers' Journal.

LIEUTENANT WAGHORN AND THE NEW LAND ROUTE FROM INDIA.

WHEN a mere man of letters of the present day bethinks him of arraying the spirits of the age before the public eye, he selects a number of poets and tale-writers, some of whom, perhaps, have hardly been heard of beyond the set amongst which they are worshipped. The true spirits of the age are not writers at all, or at least are not spirits of the age, by reason of their being writers. They are the men who take a lead in operations calculated to bring about great social changes—such men as Stephenson, Hudson, Cobden, or the subject of this sketch. We learn from an interesting article in the *Pictorial Times*, that Mr. Waghorn passed his earlier years of manhood as an officer in the service of the East India Company, in which capacity he took part in many desperate battles, and got some severe wounds, but only with the effect of hardening him to the ardent enterprises in which he has since been engaged. Having several times had to pass from India to England, and back, when it was a four months' voyage, his impetuous nature felt keenly this loss of time, and he resolved to effect the means of a quicker transit. It cost him seven years to bring this to bear, and a full recital of his difficulties would form a most interesting narrative.

"At the outset," says our authority, "his attention was directed to an extraordinary man—whose natural talents are such, that in other circumstances they might have made him the Napoleon of his age—who had accumulated a large amount of wealth and power, who had built up an army and a fleet at a vast expense, and who might, had he pleased, have interposed stupendous obstacles to the accomplishment of Lieutenant Waghorn's design. This man was Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Egypt, whose character and position would have extinguished all hope of success in a mind less determined than that which was now absorbed in contemplating a mighty work, and inflexibly determined on its achievement. He entered the service of the pasha, conciliated his esteem, secured his confidence, and then—knowing that none could cross the desert from Suez to Alexandria, a distance of between seventy and eighty miles of sandy waste, without being friendly with the Arab tribes—he proposed to Mohammed Ali the hitherto impracticable task of establishing commercial relations with the freebooters of the wilderness, the wild descendants of Ishmael.

"The appeal was successful. Lieutenant Waghorn was appointed by the sagacious ruler of Egypt his secret emissary to the Arabs, and to that people he went, without a single attendant. Among them he lived three years, and in the course of that time exerted so much influence upon them, as to induce them to exercise forbearance, and to treat that mysterious thing, a letter, with due respect.

"His next step was to prevail upon Mohammed Ali to open a house of agency in Suez, which, being situated at the northern extremity of the gulf of its own name, which is also at the northwest angle of the Red Sea, would be of great importance as an outpost on the proposed route. Caravans were then to be established at different spots in the desert; and in this project also he was successful. Lieutenant Waghorn subsequently built a house at Cairo, to be employed as an outpost.

This town is the modern capital of Egypt, and the second city of the Mohammedan world; and being near the eastern bank of the Nile, and containing a large population, it was of great moment to have a station here. Alexandria also being a town of great importance, it was necessary that another should be constructed there; which was accordingly done. Most complete were all these arrangements; and, after a while, Lieutenant Waghorn had the high gratification of conducting the late Earl of Munster and a party of officers by the new route across the desert by way of the Red Sea, and through France, direct from Bombay. Various improvements in the means thus employed were gradually effected; and so permanent were the advantages secured to the parties immediately concerned, that it became a matter of interest with them to secure their continuance. Mohammed Ali learned so much from what had been accomplished, that every existing facility was continued even during the war between Great Britain and the pasha. A slight notice of his generosity at that time must not be omitted. During the attack on the castle of Gebail, on the night of the 12th of September, 1840, and in the midst of the firing, a white flag being seen hoisted in the town, hostile proceedings were instantly suspended; but on the boat's reaching the shore, the Indian mail, which had arrived by way of Bagdad, was handed to the officer with "Suleiman Pasha's compliments to Admiral Stopford." The latter, on his part, immediately forwarded a warm letter of thanks to the pasha, and accompanied it with a package of foreign wine, which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel directed to Suleiman. This interchange of courtesies being ended, firing was at once resumed, and the result is well known. For the feeling thus displayed during this arduous war, Mohammed Ali afterwards received an honorable tribute from the merchants of Britain, who justly felt that conduct so unexampled deserved its prompt and hearty approbation."

The result, in short, of Mr. Waghorn's exertions was the establishment of a communication from India, by Egypt and Marseilles, to England, occupying about thirty-five days. Such at least was the route used for letters, and available for travellers also, unless they preferred, for cheapness, to take the steamer by Gibraltar. It was unlucky, in this arrangement, that the route passed through France, for the French, animated by hostile feelings towards England, clogged that passage with as many difficulties and humiliations as possible. Indignant at the vexations thus experienced, Lieutenant Waghorn lately determined to try if it was possible to find another and equally convenient line of transit across the continent. Convinced that such a course was practicable, he communicated his ideas to many, but received no assistance in carrying them out. The British government was unable to entertain it, from the diplomatic difficulties which invariably occur in moving the complicated political machine for such an object. Many persons, indeed, denounced the project as wild and absolutely impracticable.

To pursue the intelligent narrative in the *Pictorial Times*—"Nothing was more clear to the eagle eye of Lieutenant Waghorn, than that it was very desirable to effect the transit without touching on the French territory, and that there would be an actual saving of 240 miles by way of Trieste over that of Marseilles. The former is the principal seaport town of the Austrian empire, and is situ-

ated near the northeastern extremity of the Adriatic Sea. The depth of water is such, that ships of 300 tons burden can lie close to the quays, those of greater size being moored in front of the city. Lieutenant Waghorn considered, too, that the saving of a mile, or the gaining of a minute, in so great an enterprise, was of the utmost importance; and on the accomplishment of it in the shortest possible time he set his heart. That great and petty governments might thwart or retard his movements, he did not forget; but, with fixedness of purpose, he communicated with them, and, as the result, succeeded in allaying their prejudices, dispelling their fears, and stimulating their hopes of great and ultimate advantage. Two years have been spent in these arrangements, and he has just been permitted to reap their first and most gratifying fruits."

The requisite preparations having been made, Mr. Waghorn sailed for Alexandria to receive the mail, which started from Bombay on the first of October. This was brought, as usual, by steamer to Suez, by Arab couriers across the desert to Cairo, and thence up the Nile and canal by steamers to Alexandria. Off this place Mr. Waghorn awaited the mail in the Austrian steamer "Imperatore;" and it was placed in his hands on the twentieth day of its transit from Bombay. The steamer instantly made off across the Mediterranean, where it encountered extremely rough weather and head winds: nevertheless, in six days and thirteen hours it reached the head of the Adriatic, and ran into Dwino, fifteen miles nearer to London than Trieste, which had been his first destination. The whole European continent was now before the lieutenant, and he hastened to begin his journey across it. We learn from the *London Illustrated News*, in which an accurate sketch of his route is published, that, making his way from Dwino through Inspruck, Ulm, and Burchall by post-chaise, thence to Mannheim by railway, and from the latter place to Bergen by steamer down the Rhine—where an accident prevented him from continuing his voyage—he landed and posted to Cologne, and went on to Ostend by railway. Here the "Herne" steamer waited to convey him to Dover; and he arrived in London by railway, after one of the most rapid journeys ever made across Europe. It occupied, despite delays and accidents, only ninety-nine hours and forty-five minutes.

On the 1st of October another mail was despatched from Bombay, with extra speed, by the route *via* Marseilles, to see which would arrive in London first. That was anticipated by Mr. Waghorn by two days, thus proving the superiority of the German over the French route. He is of opinion that he shall be able, in his next attempt, to complete the same journey in twenty-five days; and, with less than two years' experience, despatches will be in London on the twenty-first day from Bombay.

This new route will be an extremely useful variation from the French one. It secures an overland transit to India in the event of anything occurring to interrupt that by way of Marseilles; besides giving travellers their choice as to scenery, and the countries they would wish to get a glimpse of. As it will be much to the interests of the various states

which the road passes, they will doubtless alter their passport system, so as to do away with the necessity of a separate document for each frontier, and will in all probability combine their ambassadors' and agents' signatures on one passport, for the special accommodation of each traveller intending to go to India. Still, the new route could never wholly supersede the Indian traffic through France. The truth is, there are some natural difficulties of an important kind attending the German route. The experiment tried by Mr. Waghorn during the fine season, will be far more difficult during mid-winter. The storms so frequent in the Adriatic, and the snows which cover the roads of Germany, will present impediments to the progress of the mails which they do not encounter in their passage through France; besides, at no very remote period, the railway between Marseilles and Calais will greatly shorten the distance. For these reasons, no very speedy change in the bulk of the communication with India is to be anticipated, since the new road opened by Mr. Waghorn is only available when the state of the sea and the fine season combine to insure success.

The new triumph of rapidity in travel is entirely accomplished by private enterprise. The proprietors of the Times newspaper supplied the pecuniary means, and Lieutenant Waghorn did the rest. It may seem anomalous at first sight that an undertaking so purely national should be left to individuals to carry out, and not be prosecuted by government; but it is one of the blessings of this nation that an adequate elasticity is given to individual enterprise; for, without it, the greatest undertakings could not be accomplished. Had, for instance, the cumbrous machinery of state been set to work some dozen years ago—when Mr. Waghorn commenced his negotiations with Mohammed Ali—it is probable that the route would not have been opened yet. To preserve peaceful diplomatic relations with foreign powers, the utmost caution is required in state negotiations: there must be preliminaries, protocols, and stipulations out of number, before the wished-for "ratification" is effected; whilst to have brought the mail through France, a separate treaty would have been required. Whereas the English private gentleman, in the person of Mr. Waghorn, was enabled to make his own bargains and his own stipulations, without involving his native government any further than if he were a person travelling, and hiring post horses or dromedaries for his own pleasure. Again, in the present instance, had government taken the new route in hand, complicated negotiations demanded by state policy would have been opened with Austria, Switzerland, Bavaria, Wirttemberg, Nassau, and Prussia, and the Foreign Office would have occupied several years in accomplishing what the irresponsible Mr. Waghorn managed in two. In this case, therefore, the advantage of the *laissez-faire* principle, so extensively adopted by the British government, is fully illustrated.

We are happy to see that a testimonial is in progress to Mr. Waghorn, to enable the public to mark their grateful sense of the eminent services of, without doubt, the most rapid and *useful* traveller of modern times.

From Chambers' Journal.

TRANSCRIBERS.

THE copiers of manuscripts, who hold now the humblest rank in literature, were, before the invention of printing, of the utmost importance. Amongst the Hebrews, transcribing the holy Scriptures was deemed a profession of the highest honor, and the responsible office of commenting on difficult passages was sometimes joined with it. This of course required a great amount of learning, and it is inferred, from a passage in the Septuagint, that a residence separate from the rest of the people was allotted to the ancient scribes. According to Dr. South, a Jewish scribe was a church officer, skilful to copy, and conversant with the law, to interpret or explain it. The civil scribes were lawyers or notaries.

Wherever literature existed, copyists of course abounded; and even at the dawn of Grecian letters, three sorts of transcribers plied their pens. Some who had distinguished skill in writing, were called *Chrusographoi*, or *Caligraphers*; others made it their business to take down discourses and addresses by means of abbreviated characters, similar to what is now called short-hand. Such persons were much in request, as almost all instruction was delivered orally, and to them we are indebted for many valuable passages from ancient authors, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. They were known as *Semeiographoi* and *Tachugraphoi*. A third sort of transcribers cultivated the fine arts, for their business was to figure ornamental letters in blanks left for that purpose by the *Caligraphers*. Among the later Greeks, transcribers received the Roman appellation of *notarii*. Alexandria was the principal resort of the copyists in the later periods of Grecian literature. In the same edifice with the celebrated library, were extensive offices completely fitted up for the business of transcribing books. Here the *caligraphers* were very numerous, even until the irruption of the Arabs in 640. Indeed so proficient were the Greeks always considered in this art, that wherever it was practised, they would be found plying their profession; and amongst the Romans, most of the copyists' names which have been preserved are Greek. These, it seems, kept in Rome regular establishments of journeymen, who were chiefly slaves; and when a number of copies from one work were required, one sat in the middle of the room and dictated to the rest. When a book was especially ordered, the rate of remuneration was so much per hundred lines; but the librarii (as the proprietors of these offices were called) also copied good works on speculation, and were in fact amongst the earliest regular booksellers.* The art of forming books, that is, of collecting and fastening the leaves into a volume, was, according to Photius, invented by a certain *Philiatius*, to whom the Athenians erected a statue in consequence of his invention. To perform this operation, the master copyists employed apprentices, or those as yet but little skilled in penmanship, and called them "*glutinatores*."

The manuscripts sold by the librarii were, as might be expected, often incorrect. Cicero knew not to whom to apply to purchase correct copies of certain works which his brother Quintus had commissioned him to procure; and his own compo-

sitions were, he complained, generally ill copied. In Strabo's time, the manuscripts sold at Rome and Alexandria were full of mistakes.

Instead of trusting to the librarii, every wealthy and enlightened Roman gentleman educated his most intelligent slaves for transcribers; and these, in consequence, became of infinitely greater value to their owners than their fellows. Persons who wished to acquire a character for science, kept them in their establishments, however little there may have been for them to do. It was found an excellent speculation to instruct slaves in writing; for some masters condescended to allow their slaves to copy for others, and pocketed their earnings. In any case, the condition of the transcribers was infinitely better than that of other bondsmen, on account of their extreme value; and sometimes they were enfranchised. We learn from Cicero's letters to Pliny the younger, that when a valued copyist fell ill, nothing was spared to restore him to health. He even travelled at his master's expense; and Pliny sent one of his freed men, who was subject to repeated attacks of indigestion, first into Egypt, and then to the south of Europe.

After the fall of Rome, nearly all the copying, not only of ancient classical works, but of the holy Scriptures, which was done at all, was performed in monasteries. In every monastery there was a room built and specially set apart for writing, which was called the *Scriptorium*. Ducange tells us, in his glossary, that it was consecrated by certain Latin words, the meaning of which was—"Lord! wilt thou deign to bless this *scriptorium* of thy servants, and all that dwell therein, that whatever of the divine Scriptures will have been by them read or written, they may receive with understanding, and bring the same to good effect."

The rules regarding the *Scriptorium* were very strict. That perfect silence might be secured, no persons besides the copyists were allowed to enter the apartment on any pretence whatever, except the abbot, the prior, the sub-prior, and the librarian. It was the duty of the last to point out what was to be transcribed, and to furnish the necessary stationery; and the monks were strictly forbidden to copy anything but what was prescribed. Few employments were considered so pious as to copy the Scriptures. "The books which we copy," say the statutes of Guy, the second prior of the *Chartreux*, "are so many heralds of the truth. We hope that Heaven will recompense us, by causing them to banish error from the minds of men, and confirm them in the Catholic faith." This employment was even deemed an instrument of salvation, as may be gleaned from a monkish legend, related by Theodoric, abbot of *Ouche*. "A certain friar lived in a monastery, and was guilty of many infractions of the rules of the order: but he was a clever and industrious scribe, and voluntarily copied a large volume of the divine law. One night he dreamt he was dead, and that his soul was at the judgment-seat. The accusing angels brought a vast number of evil deeds against him; but his good angel, taking the book he had copied, counted its contents letter by letter, and it was decreed that each letter should atone for one sin. A balance was struck, and there was exactly one letter in his favor. The judgment was, that his soul should return to his body, and that time should be given him to repent of his former transgressions. On awakening, he determined to reform, and to lead an exemplary life. From that time his labors

* See our article on "The Trade." Vol. iii., (new series,) p. 141.

in the Scriptorium were more persevering than ever." The monks so employed were specially called "clerks," whence is derived the modern use of the word in that sense. The division of labor was carried to a high point in the Scriptorium. The preparation of ink, of pens, the ruling of guiding lines and of columns in red ink, were each performed by a separate person, who did nothing else. When the stationery was thus prepared, one corrected what another had copied; a third inserted ornaments above, below, and in the midst of the columns; a fourth drew the initial letters and more elaborate ornaments; another collated the pages; and a sixth boarded them; for they were placed between small wooden planks.

Not only in monasteries, but in nunneries, was copying carried on. At the end of the fifth century, St. Cesarius having established a nunnery at Arles, certain regular hours for copying holy books were prescribed to certain of the nuns. But even then women copyists were no novelties, for it appears, by a Latin inscription published by Gruter, that in 231, when Origen undertook to revise the Old Testament, St. Ambrose sent him certain deacons and virgins skilled in caligraphy as amanuenses.

That the Scriptorium should be of a comfortable temperature in winter, it was placed near the *calefactory* or furnace for communicating warmth to the rest of the edifice. This we learn from an anecdote of the ninth century, which is worth transcribing, for the purpose of exhibiting a little monastic life in a more familiar aspect than that in which it is usually regarded. The story is told by Ekkehard, the historian of the monastery of St. Gall. According to his narrative, there were in the house, sometime towards the latter end of the ninth century, three monks—Notker, a mild, amiable, and patient brother; Tutilo, a person the very opposite, robust and strong, with such limbs "as Fabius teaches us to choose for a wrestler;" and the third, Ratpert, a schoolmaster in the schools attached to the monastery. These were fast friends, and all members of the chapter, or senate of the monastery: as such, they were liable to misrepresentation to the superior by the other monks; amongst whom the most active in detraction was Sindolf, who, from the office of *refectarius*, (caterer or house-steward,) had been promoted to be clerk of the works (*decanus operarium*.) It was the custom of Notker, Tutilo, and Ratpert, says the historian, "at the night in the interval before lauds, and to discourse together on such scriptural subjects as were most suited to such an hour. Sindolf, knowing the time and the fact of these conversations, went out one night, and came privily to the glass window against which Tutilo was sitting, and, applying his ear to it, listened to catch something which he might carry in a perverted form to the bishop. Tutilo, who had become aware of it, and who was a sturdy man, with full confidence in the strength of his arms, spoke to his companions in Latin, that Sindolf, who did not understand that language, might not know what he said. 'There he is,' said he, 'and he has put his ear to the window; but do you, Notker, who are timorous, go out into the church; and you, my Ratpert, catch up the whip of the brethren which hangs in the *calefactory*, and run out; for when I know that you have got near to him, I will open the window as suddenly as possible, catch him by the hair, drag in

his head, and hold it tight; but do you, my friend, be strong and of a good courage, and lay the whip on him with all your might, and take vengeance on him.'

"Ratpert, who was always most alert in matters of discipline, went softly, and catching up the whip, ran quickly out, and came down with all his might like a hail-storm on the back of Sindolf, whose head was dragged in at the window. He, however, struggling with his arms and legs, contrived to get and keep hold of the whip; on which Ratpert, catching up a stick which he saw at hand, laid on him most lustily. When he found it vain to beg for mercy, 'I must,' said he, 'cry out;' and he roared vociferously. Part of the monks, astounded at hearing such a voice at such an unwonted time, came running with lights, and asking what was the matter. Tutilo kept crying out that he had caught the devil, and begging them to bring a light, that he might more clearly see whose shape he had assumed; and turning the head of his reluctant prisoner to and fro, that the spectators might the better judge, he asked with affected ignorance whether it could be Sindolf! All declaring that it certainly was, and begging that he would let him go, he released him, saying, 'Wretch that I am, that I should have laid hands on the intimate and confidant of the bishop!' Ratpert, however, having stepped aside on the coming up of the monks, privately withdrew, and the sufferer could not find out who had beaten him."* We perceive, from this amusing passage, that the rules prescribed for the conduct of the scribes in the Scriptorium were either broken during "play hours," or much relaxed.

Before quitting the monkish transcribers, it may be useful to mention that ornaments and illuminations in manuscripts were but little used till the sixth century. Ornamental letters employed for the titles, the principal divisions, and initial letters of chapters, were of the most fantastic and grotesque forms. Sometimes they occupied the entire page. They represented not only men with the most monstrous deformities, but animals, plants, and fruits. To such an excess had this arrived in the fifteenth century, that, in the words of a contemporary, "writers are no longer writers, but painters." These ornaments increased the price of books immensely, without enhancing their intrinsic worth.

The commencement of the university system drew transcribers forth from the monastic Scriptoria, and attracted an immense number of clerks (most of them literally "in orders") to Paris. When Faust took his printed Bibles to that city in 1463, there were 6000 persons who subsisted by copying and illuminating manuscripts;† but they were notorious for the clerical errors they allowed to escape. The condition in which manuscripts were turned out of their hands, is quaintly described by Petrarch, the immortal sonneteer (1304-1374.) "How will it be possible," he asks, "to remedy the evils brought upon us by copyists whose ignorance and indolence destroy all our race? They prevent many a work of genius from seeing the day, which would perhaps gain immortality. This is a just punishment of the present age of idleness, when people are less curi-

* From "The Dark Ages," a most interesting work, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, librarian to his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

† See further on this subject, Journal, new series, vol. iii., p. 149.

ous about books than expensive dishes, and prefer having good cooks to clever copyists. Any one who can paint on parchment, and hold a pen, passes for a good transcriber, though he may have neither skill nor knowledge. I do not complain of their orthography: it would be useless; for that has been past amendment for a long while. We must be thankful, I suppose, that they will copy, however badly, whatever is given them. Such of their patrons even as are sensible of their misdeeds, still will have books, because a book is a book, whether correct or not. Do you think that if Cicero, Livy, and other ancient authors—above all, Pliny—were to rise from the dead and read their own works, that they would understand them? Would they not, think you, at each page, at each word, declare that these were no composition of theirs, but the writing of some barbarian? The evil is, that there are no laws to govern copyists; they are submitted to no examination. Locksmiths, farmers, weavers, and other laborers, are obliged to conform to certain rules; but none exist for copyists. Wanton destroyers are obliged to pay damages; and surely copyists ought to be made to pay handsomely for all the books they have spoiled." So cautious was Petrarch to whom he trusted his writings, that, referring to his treatise on Solitude, he writes to Boccaccio—"It appears incredible that a book which took only a few months to compose, I cannot get satisfactorily copied in the space of many years." In corroboration of Petrarch's complaint, a French writer remarks, "The mistakes of copyists are like the posterity of Abraham, numberless. To count them, would be as difficult as to numerate the stars or the sands of the sea." This is readily comprehended when we consider the number of transcribers through whose hands the classics passed before they even reached the Italian poet's time. First there were the Greek penmen, of whom Cicero complained, then came the monks, and lastly the Parisian professional and public copyists, who excited Petrarch's ire. Each transcriber of each age copied the errors of his predecessor, besides making mistakes of his own; and when we add to these the more recent ignorance of commentators, as displayed in their so-called "restorations" of texts, alterations, and additions, it is so far from surprising that we occasionally meet with passages in ancient authors which are totally incomprehensible, that the only wonder is, how we get at the sense so well as we do.

Errors of transcription, sometimes trivial, sometimes gross, have produced amusing results. It was, for example, hotly argued by the learned at one time that Aristotle was a Jew, from the misplacing of a comma in George of Trébisbond's version of the works of Josephus. The vitiated passage stood thus: *Atque, ille inquit, Aristoteles Judæus erat*—[And, he says, Aristotle was a Jew:] the correct version being, *Atque ille, inquit Aristoteles, Judæus erat*—[And he, says Aristotle, was Judæus.] The ancient Martyrology of St. Jerome sets down, for the 16th February, A.D. 309, eleven martyrs who perished with St. Pamphilius. After the words, *Juliani cum Egyptiis V.*, he added *mil.*, an abbreviation of *militibus*; the whole signifying—"Julian, with five Egyptian soldiers." The copyists supposing *mil.* to mean *millibus*, wrote, *Juliani cum aliis quinque millibus*; that is, "Julian, with five thousand others!" and this was copied into all the martyrologies as subject for additional

execration of the great Christian persecutors Diocletian and Maximian. Instances like these may be multiplied to infinity.

On the other hand, the correctness of religious works was regarded as of the utmost importance, and transcribers were in the habit of placing a note at the commencement or end of their manuscripts, in which they recommended future copyists to collate their work carefully with the original. Such advertisements occasionally took the form of imprecations against those who falsified the text. Such an imprecation will be found in the 18th and 19th verses of the last chapter of the Revelation of St. John.

Still, errors occurred even in copies of holy writ; but a summary remedy for them astonished the Parisians in 1463. John Faust made his appearance with printed Bibles, and the copyists were gradually, as a body, superseded. With the invention of printing, indeed, the history of the scribes almost ceases in Europe. In the East, however, the profession is still much employed and followed.

At Grand Cairo, which is the metropolis of Arabic literature, copyists abound, because printing is discountenanced by the singular religious scruples of all strict Mussulmen. The respect they feel not only towards the Koran, but to the names of the Deity and of the prophet, wherever they are inscribed, carries them to the length of guarding the words from coming in contact with anything unclean. Mr. Lane once asked a Cairene tobacconipipe maker why he did not stamp the bowls with his name like other manufacturers: his answer was, "God forbid! My name is Ahhmad (one of the names of the prophet:) would you have me put it in the fire?" This strange veneration is the chief reason why the Mooslims object to printing. They have scarcely a book that does not contain the name of God; it being a rule among them to commence every work with the words, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful," and to begin the preface or introduction by praising the Deity, and blessing the prophet; and they fear some impurity might be contracted by the ink that is applied to the names, in the process of printing, or by the paper to be impressed. They fear also that their books, becoming very cheap by being printed, would fall into the hands of infidels, and are much shocked at the idea of using a brush composed of the unclean hogs' hair (which was at first done in Cairo) to apply the ink to the word of God. Hence books have hitherto been printed in Egypt only by order of the government; but two or three persons have lately applied for and received permission to make use of the government press. Mr. Lane was acquainted with a bookseller who has long been desirous of printing some books which he feels sure would bring him considerable profit, but cannot overcome his scruples as to the lawfulness of doing so. All Arabic books, therefore, are the work of copyists; most of whom are Copts, descended from the ancient inhabitants of Egypt. Books are not bound, but about twenty leaves are doubled in half, and placed one within the other, like our parcels of writing paper. These *livraisons*, called *karras*, are kept in regular order in a case, instead of being bound. The charge for copying a *karras* of twenty pages, quarto size, with about twenty-five lines to a page, in an ordinary hand, is about three piasters, (or a little more than sevenpence of our money,) but

more if in an elegant hand, and about double the sum if with the vowel points.* What is said of Arabic applies to the literature of all the countries which lie between Egypt, Arabia, &c. and China. None of it is printed, the whole being executed by transcribers.

On the other hand, in China, the birthplace of printing, all books are printed; but copying is a part of the process. The author's manuscript is first transcribed by a professional copyist whose work is printed, or, to use a printer's term, "set off," upon a block of wood, and all his lines are exactly preserved and cut in relief by a wood-engraver. From the block the printing is effected in a way which has already been described in this Journal.† But copyists are not wholly employed in this manner. The Chinese attach a high importance to calligraphy, and large ornamental inscriptions or labels are frequently exchanged as remembrances amongst friends, or are used, as pictures are with us, for the purposes of taste and decoration. In producing such pieces of penmanship, professional copyists find profitable employment, as well as in the notes and letters which this ceremonious people exchange with each other. They are generally copied on beautifully illuminated colored paper, known as "flowered leaves." Those who, to neatness of writing, add a fertility of invention in contriving grotesque or elegant ornaments, are very handsomely paid. Indeed, there is no country on earth where copyists are so liberally remunerated as in China. Compared with the profits of the same class in our own quarter of the globe, their condition is princelike.

The printing-press has indeed left us, in this quarter of the globe, but little occasion for their assistance. Except in the law, copyists are very seldom employed. In England, deeds are engrossed, and briefs are copied, by persons who, retaining the name given to the ancient Roman copyists, are designated law-stationers. Their mode of charging is so much per seventy-two words, which is called a folio. But in Scotland, even these, the latest representatives of an old and important profession, are generally dispensed with; for nearly all law proceedings are printed.

Scarcely any class of authors—except dramatists—require their manuscripts to be re-written before they reach the composers; who possess such great facilities of deciphering the irregular hieroglyphics which some *littérateurs* are pleased to call their "handwriting," that they manage to print correctly from "copy" of which few else could make out a line.

Plays are generally acted before they are printed, and are consequently copied;—first entire for the prompter, and next in "parts" for the various actors. That each may know when he has to speak, the last few words of the speeches spoken with and to him are also written out for him to learn. These catch-sentences are called "cues," and give a strangely incoherent reading of the play. For instance, that portion of Macduff's part in the tragedy of Macbeth, which occurs in the celebrated scene between him, Malcolm, and Rosse, is written by the copyist thus—

Enter Rosse.

Macduff. See, who comes here?

— Yet I know him not.

* Lane's Modern Egyptians.

† See vol. ii., (new series), p. 231.

M. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

— Sir, amen.

M. Stands Scotland where it did!

— Dying, ere they sicken.

M. O! relation

Too nice, and yet too true:

and so forth. Dramatic copyists are chiefly supernumerary actors, and get about five shillings per act for their labor.

A few persons are occasionally occupied in copying petitions to parliament and to the different boards of revenue; but there is not enough of such work to employ any single person wholly, and it is usually performed by lawyers or law-stationers' clerks during their over-hours. In fact, copying may be looked upon like distaff spinning and hand-loom weaving—as amongst the almost extinct professions.

Hood's History of Music in New England. Wilkins, Carter & Co. Boston.

THIS is quite a curious book, and one which will afford the reader both amusement and instruction. The author necessarily treats mostly of religious music, and gives us some quaint specimens of Puritan Psalmody. The following from a version of Elliot, Weld and Mather, shows that our New England Fathers must have had hard ears, if good hearts:—

1. How good and sweet to see,
i'ts for bretheren to dwell
together in unitee:
2. It's like choice oyle *that fell*
the head upon,
that downe did flow

the beard unto
beard of Aaron:
The skirts of his garment
that unto them went down:
3. Like Hermans dewes descent,
Sions mountaines upon,
for there to bee
the Lords blessing
life aye lasting
commandeth hee.

Mr. Wood informs us that the first organ built in this country was made by Edward Bromfield Jr., of Boston, in the year 1745—one hundred years ago—Mr. Bromfield having in that year graduated at Harvard College.

The first American edition of Watts' Hymns was published by Dr. Franklin, in Philadelphia, in 1741. In the preface to the "New England Psalm Singer," issued in 1770, we find the following pious and poetical exhortation,—

O, praise the Lord with one accord,
And in this grand design,
Let Britain and the Colonies
Unanimously join.

This is altogether a very pleasant book, and one that will prove highly acceptable to antiquarians. It is well worth reading, if but for the sketches it contains of those white-haired, venerable men, whose lives were as salt to the nation—the John Cottons and Cotton Mathers of two hundred years ago. How unlike were they, in character and appearance, to some of the dainty and luxurious clergy of the present day.—*Evening Mirror.*

From Chambers' Journal.

ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.

EDWARD PELLEW, Viscount Exmouth, the second son of a commander of a post-office packet on the Dover station, was born on the 19th of April, 1757. His father died in 1765, leaving six children to the care of a second wife, slenderly provided for. They were, however, educated by their grandfather, and Edward was sent to various grammar-schools, where he learnt to "construe Virgil," which was considered at that time an achievement that bespoke a good education. At fourteen he evinced a passion for the sea, and through the interest of Lady Spencer, (grandmother to the present lord,) was received into the naval service in the year 1770. He entered on board the *Juno*, Captain Stott, which was commissioned for the Falkland Islands. On the homeward voyage he exhibited a degree of firmness and generosity which always in after-life honorably distinguished him. He had formed a strong friendship for a fellow-midshipman named Cole. This young gentleman had displeased his captain, who had the cruelty to put him on shore at Marseilles; and Pellew, feeling very strongly the injustice of this act, insisted upon bearing his friend company. They were accordingly both turned out of the ship, and left penniless on a foreign shore. Lord Hugh Seymour and the late Captain Keppel, who were then lieutenants under Stott, befriended them, and the former furnished them with enough of cash to pay their way back to England. On their return, the harsh captain so far repented of his conduct as to give both the lads certificates of good behavior and abilities; and Pellew was received into the *Blonde*.

Captain Pownoll, who commanded the *Blonde*, soon estimated Pellew's worth above that of his other midshipmen. Active beyond his companions, Mr. Pellew did the ship's duty with a smartness which none of them could equal; and as every one takes pleasure where he excels, he had soon become a thorough seaman. At the same time the buoyancy of youth, and a naturally playful disposition, led him continually into feats of more than common daring. In the spring of 1775, General Burgoyne took his passage to America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside, the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, quieted his apprehensions, by assuring him that it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the general might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that, if he should fall, he would only go under the ship's bottom and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realized; for he actually sprang from the fore-yard of the *Blonde* while she was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Pownoll reproached him for his rashness; but the captain shed tears when he spoke of it to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow. These two feats foreshadowed, as it were, the future adventures of young Pellew; but as he grew older, a greater degree of prudence and foresight tempered that ardent and impulsive activity which originated some of his most extraordinary achievements.

The *Blonde* formed part of the force against the

Americans during their war of independence, and her destination was Canada. To forward the operations of the land forces, it was found necessary to have a flotilla on Lake Champlain; but of course it had to be built. A lieutenant, a senior midshipman, and sixty sailors, were detached from the *Blonde*. Pellew also volunteered for this service; and fortunately, as the event proved, was added to the party. The first thing to be done on the borders of the lake was simply to—build a little fleet; and this was actually accomplished under the superintendence of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Schanck, an officer of great mechanical ingenuity. The timbers or skeletons of the largest of these impromptu vessels were "laid down" in Quebec. They were then taken to pieces, and conveyed in parts to the lake, where the ships were completely equipped. The progress of the work was like magic. Trees growing in the forest in the morning, would form part of a ship before night. In this manner a ship of 300 tons, called the *Inflexible*, with two schooners, and twenty-six other vessels and boats, were, in an incredibly short time, launched on the lake. The *Blonde* party manned one of the schooners, called the *Carleton*. In the first action with the enemy, both Pellew's superior officers were killed, and he took the command, and performed two of his most daring feats. In attempting to *go-about*, being close to the shore covered with the enemy's marksmen, the *Carleton* hung in stays, and Pellew, not regarding the danger of making himself so conspicuous a mark, sprang out on the bowsprit to push the jib over. Some of the gun-boats now took her in tow; but so thick and heavy was the enemy's fire, that the tow-rope was cut with a shot. Pellew ordered some one to go and secure it; but seeing all hesitate—for indeed it looked like a death-service—he ran forward and did it himself. His conduct was so highly approved, that when it was detailed at head-quarters, Lord Sandwich, first lord of the admiralty, sent him a voluntary letter, promising him a lieutenant's commission.

Pellew and his little party were afterwards selected to accompany the army overland to the Hudson river. Here the enemy was completely successful, and, amongst other things, captured a boat filled with provisions upon which the forces were mainly to depend. The loss was most disastrous, and appeared irreparable; but Pellew, at the head of his little band, made a successful attack, and recaptured the vessel. She was carried by boarding, and taken in tow by our sailors; the tow-rope was twice shot away, and twice replaced by Pellew swimming with it on board under the enemy's fire. The commander-in-chief of the land forces (General Burgoyne) wrote to him returning his own sincere thanks and that of the whole army "for the important service rendered them." So high an opinion had the general of his young auxiliary's judgment, that when it was deemed necessary to capitulate, he admitted him into his council of war. Finally, he was selected to return to England with despatches—about as high a compliment as it was possible to pay an officer at that time only twenty. He came home in a transport, which was attacked by a hostile privateer. Pellew, though only a passenger, insisted on taking the command and fighting the ship. This he did with such success, that he beat off the privateer.

Immediately after Pellew's arrival home, he received a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed to a guard-ship. In 1780, we find him

first lieutenant of the *Apollo*, under his old friend Captain Pownoll. In an action with the French frigate *Stanislaus*, on the 15th June, this officer was killed, and the command of the *Apollo* having devolved on Pellew, he drove the enemy, dismasted and beaten, on shore. For this exploit he obtained a step of rank, and was made commander of the *Hazard* war-sloop. In the *Pelican*, his next ship, he defeated several French privateers in so gallant a style, that he was made a post-captain.*

In 1783, soon after this promotion, peace was proclaimed, and Captain Pellew married Susanna, second daughter of J. Frowd, Esq. of Knoyle, Wiltshire, with whom he appears to have enjoyed three successive years of uninterrupted domestic happiness. In 1786 he was called from his wife and his home to commission the *Winchelsea* for the Newfoundland station, and on board this ship performed several acts of daring intrepidity. It was his boast that he would never order a common seaman to do what he was not ready to set about himself. Some of his orders were indeed so perilous of execution, that his smartest hands hesitated to obey them. When he saw this he invariably did what was required himself. Some of these exploits were of too technical a nature to be understood by the general reader; but one anecdote, related by an officer of the *Winchelsea*, everybody will understand. "We had light winds and fine weather after making the coast of Portugal. One remarkably fine day, when the ship was stealing through the water under the influence of a gentle breeze, the people were all below at their dinners, and scarcely a person left on deck but officers, of whom the captain was one. Two little ship-boys had been induced, by the fineness of the weather, to run up from below the moment they had dined, and were at play on the spare anchor to leeward, which overhangs the side of the ship. One of them fell overboard, which was seen from the quarter-deck, and the order was given to luff the ship into the wind. In an instant the officers were over the side; but it was the captain who, grasping a rope firmly with one hand, let himself down to the water's edge, and, catching hold of the poor boy's jacket as he floated past, saved his life in as little time as I have taken to mention it. There was not a rope touched or a sail altered in doing this, and the people below knew not of the accident until they came on deck when their dinner was over."†

Having served three years in the northern seas, Pellew returned; but his visit ashore was cut short by the breaking out of the French war. He was appointed to the *Nymphé*, which had been previously captured from the French; and with her he deprived them of another vessel. Having fallen in with the *Cleopatra*, a ship of equal force, he took her after a well-fought action, in which the

French showed good training and courage. For this Pellew was, on his return home, knighted.

In 1794 we find Captain Sir Edward Pellew commanding the "*Saucy Arethusa*," (as Dibdin calls her in one of his most popular songs,) as part of a frigate squadron under Sir John Warren. This fleet was so successful, that the Admiralty was induced to increase it, and to divide the command between Warren and Pellew. One of the ships taken, "*La Revolutionnaire*," was commissioned in the British service by Sir Edward's early associate, the oppressed midshipman Cole. In the *Indefatigable*, into which Pellew removed from the *Arethusa*, he performed one of his diving feats, which astonished the whole ship's crew. In May, 1795, while chasing a vessel near the shores of Cape Finisterre, the *Indefatigable* struck on a rock. The mischief was serious, and it was with great difficulty that the ship was kept afloat. In order to ascertain whether both sides of the ship had been injured, Sir Edward resolved to examine the bottom himself; and to the astonishment and admiration of every witness, he plunged into the water, thoroughly examined both sides, and satisfied himself that the starboard side only had been damaged. This saved much time and expense; for had not Sir Edward hazarded the experiment, the apparatus for heaving down must have been shifted over, at so great a loss of time, that serious damage might have ensued. In this ship, indeed, he performed several heroic acts in the cause of humanity. Once, in Portsmouth harbor, where he was instrumental in saving two poor fellows; and again at Spithead, where one of the coxswains of his own ship fell overboard, the captain was instantly in the water, and caught the man just as he was sinking quite exhausted; life was apparently extinct, but, by the usual means, was happily restored. On the third occasion, the attempt had nearly proved fatal to himself. Two men had been dashed overboard in a very heavy sea; Pellew jumped into a boat, and ordered it to be lowered—in the attempt, the ship happened to make a deep plunge—the boat was stove to pieces, and the captain thrown out much bruised, his nostril slit by one of the tackles, and bleeding profusely; but his coolness and self-possession did not forsake him, and, calling for a rope, he slung himself with one of the many which were thrown to him, and was hauled on board. Another boat was then lowered with better success, and the men, who seem to have supported themselves by the wreck of the first boat, were eventually saved.

But Sir Edward's most extraordinary and celebrated achievement remains to be told. On the 26th January, 1796, while the *Indefatigable* was being refitted in Plymouth harbor, he was proceeding in his carriage with Lady Pellew to dine with the Rev. Dr. Hawker.* It was blowing a hurricane, and crowds were running towards the sea-shore. Sir Edward soon learnt that the *Dutton*, a large transport, was driven ashore under the citadel, and was beating against the rocks in a tremendous and impassable surf, at a rate which threatened her destruction every minute. She had part of the 2d regiment on board, who had given themselves up for lost. Sir Edward sprang from his carriage, and, "arrived at the beach," writes his biographer, "he saw at once that the loss of

* As this term is not very generally understood, some explanation of it may be useful. The term "captain" means chief or head, and is thus applied to an officer commanding a ship, even though in actual rank he be only a lieutenant or "commander." In that case it is merely temporary, or local rank. A post-captain, on the contrary, is permanent rank, for his name is recorded in its proper place on the list of captains, and thus he takes his post or place according to seniority, and will in course of time become an admiral, if he outlive those above him; so that when an officer is placed on the roll of captains, his promotion no longer depends upon favor, but upon death vacancies. He is therefore said to be *posted*.

† The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth. By Edward Osler, Esq. Pp. 67, 68.

* Author of a commentary on the Bible, sermons, and several religious works. He was, for half a century, vicar of the parish of Charles the Martyr, Plymouth.

nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port to board the wreck—for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted—he exclaimed, “Then I will go myself!” A single rope, by which the officers and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury in the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers, in the mean time, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*. Mr. Pellowe, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thomson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat belonging to a merchant vessel was more fortunate. Mr. Edsell, signal midshipman to the port-admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of the merchant vessel, succeeded at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dock-yard, under the directions of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order; a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. One of them was only three weeks old; and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would intrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore, then the ship's company, and finally, Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces.” Pellowe's principal assistant in this heroic act met his reward. Coghlan was

taken, through his influence, into the royal service, and became a post-captain by 1810. Nor was the chief actor in this courageous enterprise forgotten. Praise was lavished on him from every quarter. The corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate. On the 5th of March following he was created a baronet, as Sir Edward Pellew of Trevery, and received for an honorable augmentation of his arms, a civic wreath, a stranded ship for a crest, and the motto, “*Deo adjuvante, Fortuna sequatur*”—(God assisting, success must follow.) In writing to a friend on the subject, Pellew said, “I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mainmast (which had fallen towards the shore;) and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter his majesty's intention to dub me baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life; and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me with the bantling, was a scene I cannot describe.”

In 1796 the French made their attempt on Ireland, and Sir Edward having been sent in the *Indefatigable* as part of a fleet to oppose them, suffered severely from the gale which nearly destroyed the enemy's ships. On returning home, however, the vessel got severely handled by a French two-decker, the *Droits de l'Homme*; and the storm continuing, she was nearly lost. The years 1797 and 1798 were passed in the blockade of Brest and other Channel services, with great perseverance and so much success, that in the course of 1798 alone Sir Edward's squadron took no fewer than fifteen of the enemy's cruisers. One of the captures was of more than common interest. It was *La Vaillante*, a national corvette, taken by the *Indefatigable* after a chase of twenty-four hours. She was bound to Cayenne with prisoners, amongst whom were twenty-five priests; and, as passengers, the wife and family of an exiled deputy, M. Rovère, who were proceeding to join him, with all they possessed—about £3000. Sir Edward and his officers vied in attention to the poor ecclesiastics, and, on landing them in England, he gave them a supply for their immediate wants; to Madame Rovère he restored the whole of her property, paying out of his own pocket the proportion which was the prize of the crew. Sir Edward was now removed into a larger ship, the “*Impétueux*,” which bore the singular distinction of carrying 78 guns. He was in this ship when the wide-spread naval mutiny took place, and a part of his crew rose against their officers. On investigation, however, it turned out that not one of the men who had followed him from the *Indefatigable* joined in the mutiny. No better proof could be adduced of the attachment to his person of those who knew him best.

The peace of Amiens placed Pellew on half-pay. He was solicited to become a member of parliament, and at the general election of 1802 he was returned for Barnstaple in Devonshire. The senate soon proved not to his taste, and he took the earliest opportunity to escape from it. The very day that fresh hostilities against France were declared, he solicited employment, and was appointed to the *Tonnant*, an 80 gun ship, in which he cruised with the Channel Fleet. At the general promotion of 1804, Pellew was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, and intrusted with the post of commander-in-

chief of the East Indian seas; whither he proceeded, and remained till 1809. In the spring of 1811, he succeeded to the Mediterranean command, and acquitted himself so well, that at the downfall of Napoleon, occasioned by the Russian campaign, Sir Edward was created, even before his return home, Baron Exmouth of Cannonteign, a mansion and estate in South Devon he had previously purchased. This was no empty honor; for a pension was added to it.

The return of Napoleon from Elba soon required a British force in the Mediterranean, and Lord Exmouth having been selected for this service, again performed, with his usual prudence and energy, all the duties which the position of affairs required or admitted. Marseilles had shown some disposition to favor the Bourbons, and Marshal Brune was marching from Toulon upon that city, avowedly to destroy it. Lord Exmouth, on this emergency, took upon himself to embark about 3000 men, part of the garrison of Genoa, with whom he sailed to Marseilles. Forty years before, he had landed at this port a poor penniless boy, turned out of his ship—he now entered it a British admiral and peer, and, what was still more gratifying to him, a conqueror and deliverer! The inhabitants, grateful for their preservation, were unceasing in their attentions to the fleet and army, and, as a mark of their sense of his important services to their city, they presented him with a large and beautiful piece of plate executed in Paris, bearing a medallion of the noble admiral, and a view of the port of Marseilles, and the Boyne, his flag-ship, entering it full sail, with this simple and expressive inscription:—“*A l'Amiral Lord Exmouth—La Ville de Marseilles reconnoissante.*”—[To the Admiral Lord Exmouth; the town of Marseilles, grateful.]

The final overthrow of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo secured that peace which has not even yet been broken in Europe; and we now approach Lord Exmouth's most splendid naval achievement on the coast of Africa.

While the fleet was still assembled in the Mediterranean, the British government thought its presence there would be a good opportunity of putting down the abominable system of piracy carried on by the Barbary states. Lord Exmouth, amongst other duties, went on shore at Algiers to endeavor to extract a pledge from the Dey that slavery should be abolished—a promise which he had already drawn from the Beys of Tunis and Tripoli. But at Algiers both himself and his officers were insulted. This, with several other aggressions, and an obstinate refusal of the demands of the British government, induced the issue of orders for the bombardment of Algiers; the execution of which was confided to Lord Exmouth.

On the 27th August, 1816, he led his fleet under the fortifications of Algiers, placing his own ship, the Queen Charlotte, within twenty yards of the mole-head, the most formidable of the enemy's batteries, and when the immense ship had only two feet of water to spare, being within that short distance from the bottom. M. Salamé, his lordship's Arabic interpreter, was sent on shore with certain written demands, and with a message that, unless a satisfactory answer were returned in two hours, that would be deemed a signal for the commencement of hostilities. Salamé waited three, and then put off to the admiral's ship. “On getting on board,” he remarks,* “I was quite surprised to

see how his lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild; but now he seemed to me all-fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage and was set at liberty. With all that, his lordship's answer to me was—‘Never mind—we shall see!’ and at the same time he turned towards the officers, saying, ‘Be ready;’ whereupon I saw every one standing with the match or the string of the lock in his hand, anxiously awaiting for the word ‘Fire.’ During this time the Queen Charlotte, in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole; and at a few minutes before three, the Algerines, from the eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which was astern, when Lord Exmouth, having seen only the smoke of the gun, and, before the sound reached him, said with great alacrity, ‘That will do!—fire, my fine fellows.’ I am sure that before his lordship had finished these words, our broadside was given with great cheering, which was fired three times within five or six minutes; and at the same instant the other ships did the same.” Of the action, Lord Exmouth gave an account in a letter to one of his brothers. Amongst other things, he relates, “It was a glorious sight to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the mole itself: and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop. We were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Everybody behaved nobly. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers—my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service.” After the bombardment, which was completely successful, Salamé, on meeting his lordship on the poop of the Queen Charlotte, observed, that “his voice was quite hoarse; and he had two slight wounds, one on the cheek, and the other on his leg. It was indeed astonishing to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by the musket balls and by grape. It was as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces.”

The effect of this engagement was, that piracy and slavery were put an end to in that quarter of the world forever—a result of no small importance. On his return to England, he was created a viscount, with an honorable augmentation to his already so honored escutcheon, and the word *Algiers* as an additional motto. He received from his own sovereign a gold medal struck for the occasion, and from the kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia, the stars of their orders—a sword from the city of London; and, finally—what was likely to please such a man most of all—an unusually large proportion of distinction and promotion acknowledged the merits of the brave men who had served under him. On the death of Admiral Duckworth in 1817, he was appointed to the chief command at Plymouth, where he continued till the 21st February, 1821, when he struck his flag, terminated his active service, and retired to the pleasant neighborhood of Teignmouth. Viscount Exmouth had served his country during the long space of fifty years and three months, and with such indefatigable activity, that out of that time his periods of inactivity only amounted to eight years altogether. In

* Salamé's Expedition to Algiers, p. 39.

1822 he obtained the high station of Vice-Admiral of England.

His lordship lived on in placid retirement—which was only occasionally broken by attendance on his place in the House of Lords—enjoying to the full the affection of his beloved partner, and the comforts of rest. Bodily infirmities crept upon him, and on the 23d of January, 1833, he expired, surrounded by his family, and in full and grateful possession of his faculties. His viscountess and five of his six children survived him.

Lord Exmouth's life adds another to the many instances we have already adduced, of what may be achieved by a steady and unflinching discharge of professional duties. He began his naval career a poor and almost friendless boy, and ended it holding the highest station but one it is possible for a sailor to fill. His contemporaries spoke of him as the *beau idéal* of a British sailor. He knew and could perform all the duties of a ship, from the furling of a sail in a storm to the manœuvring of a fleet in a battle; and there was nothing he ever attempted that he did not do well. Amidst all the violent and demoralizing tendencies of warfare, he never forgot his religious duties. "Every hour of his life is a sermon," said an officer who was often with him; "I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his deathbed. Full of hope and peace, he advanced with the confidence of a Christian to his last conflict; and when nature was at length exhausted, he closed a life of brilliant and important service with a death more happy, and not less glorious, than if he had fallen in the hour of victory."

From the Commercial Advertiser.

DR. ALEXANDER'S HISTORY OF AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

It has long been known to the friends of the African race that the Rev. Dr. Alexander has been engaged upon a historical account of the Liberian enterprise. For this undertaking he has been well fitted, by his early acquaintance with the founders of the colony, and his continued attention to the progress of events for many years. The result is a beautiful octavo, of 600 pages. It is a fine specimen of typography, and is furnished with a large map of Liberia and the adjacent coast. The introduction, which is ample and interesting, contains the best defence of this charity which it has been our lot to read. "The problem," says the venerable author, "has been fairly solved, that the colored race are as capable of improvement as the whites, and in every department of government have manifested sound sense and discretion, equal to what could have been expected from people of any nation, with no greater advantages of education than they have enjoyed." "Whether this colony was commenced in wisdom, or imprudently, it now exists, and cannot be abandoned." "If not another individual should be added to the colony, from this country, Liberia may still flourish and increase, and become a rich blessing to benighted Africa." And it is warmly added: "As for himself, the writer is as fully persuaded that the plan of colonizing the free people of color in Africa is wise and benevolent, as he ever was of the wisdom and benevolence of any human enterprise."

The work commences with a full description of the western coast of Africa. It next gives a sketch of the British colony at Sierra Leone. Then comes a chapter on the origin of the scheme of colonization, which to many readers will be

startling for its novelty. For the honor of having first proposed this method is claimed, on good authority, for a name hitherto more distinguished in polemic theology, namely, that of the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., of Rhode Island. In all the details given of this good man and his philanthropic labors for the slave, there is an interest which may be called even romantic—indeed we know nothing more striking in the annals of beneficence.

The origin of the American society is fully set forth. The claims of Jefferson, Thornton and others are fairly stated. But the preëminent services of Dr. Finley occupy the chief place. "To a friend in Princeton, still living, (doubtless the author of this volume,) Dr. Finley said one day, with ardent and strong emotion, that when he considered what many others had effected for the benefit of their suffering fellow-creatures, before they had reached his age, he was humbled and mortified to think how little he had done," and at the same time expressed a strong determination to engage in some benevolent enterprise which might tell on the welfare of his fellow-creatures. Not many months after, meeting with the same friend, he disclosed to him the plan of a colony of free blacks on the Western coast of Africa, and from this time seemed to have his mind completely occupied with the scheme, which he took every opportunity of proposing to his friends, endeavoring to show that the enterprise was not only good in itself, but practicable. "The first public meeting which ever took place to consider the subject of African colonization, in this country, was held in the Presbyterian Church in the borough of Princeton. It was called by Dr. Finley, when he explained to a small assemblage the plan of the society which he wished to be formed, and called on the writer to address the people."

The narrative is brought down, with full accounts of every important event, to the close of the year 1841. Unless we greatly err, this volume will awaken the attention of all who take an interest in this most momentous of American questions. We earnestly crave for it the deliberate examination of those who have hitherto allowed events so vast to occur, almost before their eyes, with carelessness and apathy. And we farther entreat those who, as abolitionists, have stood aloof from this enterprise, to ponder a dispassionate recital of facts. They will be convinced that it tends in no degree to perpetuate slavery; that if all our slaves were at once emancipated the need of such a scheme would be tenfold more urgent than at present; that there are thousands of slaveholders who would give up their slaves, if they were fully satisfied that Liberia would be an asylum; and that it belongs to the sons of Africa among us to carry the gospel to the wastes of their fatherland.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschöke. Part II. forms No. 37 of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading."

As a writer of tales no author pleases us so well as Zschöke. There is about his stories a naturalness of incident and character that charms us beyond measure. We never read one of them that we do not feel conscious of being elevated by it to a higher and deeper love of humanity and truth. The tales in this volume are five in number as follows: *Illumination*, or the Sleep Walker; *The Broken Cup*; *Jonathan Frock*; *The Involuntary Journey*; *Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire*. The translation is by Parke Godwin.—*Tribune*.

HENRY INMAN,

THE painter, died on the 17th Jan., in the forty-fifth year of his age. His health for some time past had been far from good, owing to a confirmed asthma, but the disease which carried him off, we are told, was an affection of the heart.

Inman was an artist of fine powers, principally exercised in the department of portrait painting. He wrought with astonishing despatch and precision, and with a peculiar freedom and grace of pencil. Many of his portraits are, in themselves, without reference to their originals, delightful pictures.

Some occasional attempts in other departments of his art, show that he would have risen to high excellence in these, if he had made them the object of study. He was exceedingly amiable in private life, and a most delightful companion. You could not be in his society a moment without perceiving that you were in company with a man of genius.

At the time of his death he was president of the National Academy of the Arts of Design, to which he was elected a year or two since.—*N. Y. Post.*

A REMINISCENCE OF INMAN.—Henry Inman was not less beloved as a friend than admired as a painter. His social qualities were of the richest order, and although he seldom indulged in rhyme, his conversation and letters were often instinct with the spirit of poetry. Before he sailed for England, while suffering from the depression incident to his health and embarrassments, he sent the following little poem to a friend, whose reply we annex. Mr. Inman's lines were published in the Gift for 1844; the other poem has never before appeared in print:—*Evening Post.*

Now listless o'er time's sullen tide
My bark of life floats idly on;
Youth's incense laden breeze has died,
And passion's fitful gusts are flown.

While sadly round her aimless course
Now lowering brood the mental skies,
The past but murmurs of remorse,
And dim the ocean future lies.

And must this be? My soul, arouse!
See through the passing clouds of ill
How fame's proud pharos brightly glows,
And gilds thy drooping penant still.

Stretch to thine oar, yon beam thy guide,
Spread to ambition's freshening gale;
Friendship and love are at thy side,
While glory's breathings swell thy sail.

TO H. I.

Ay, let not one so blest as thou
Muse of an aimless, dim career,
Dash every shadow from thy brow,
And bid hope's smiles thy vision cheer.

Old Time is baffled when he throws
His spells round such a soul as thine,
Its native warmth dissolves his snows,
And makes his very frown divine.

If clouds will darken o'er thy way
They cannot settle on thy heart,
For thou the limner's wand dost sway,
To tinge their gloom with rainbow art.

Despond not, while with master hand
'Tis thine such life-like scenes to trace,
And mirror ocean, sky and land,
Features beloved and forms of grace.

Despond not, while thy presence lends
Wings to the hours of social joy,
And to pure gold, for all thy friends
So oft transmutes life's base alloy.

Despond not, while in accents deep,
And looks with earnest meaning fraught,
'Tis thine to waken fancy's sleep,
And breathe the poet's wildest thought.

Despond not, while a bond so fair,
Endeared by nature's holiest tie,
Lure thee from weary thoughts of care,
And with love's glances meet thine eye.

Perennial youth, the gifted know,
And there is one whose spirit's tone,
By filial instinct taught to flow,
Seems the clear echo of thy own.

Then trim thy gallant barque with glee,
And haunt doubt's listless stream no more,
Steer bravely through fame's open sea,
And rear thy home on glory's shore!

H. T. T.

NEVER DESPAIR.

"In this case thou oughtest not to be dejected, nor to despair, but at God's will to stand steadily, and whatever comes upon thee, to endure it for the glory of Jesus Christ; for after winter followeth summer; after night the day returneth; and after a tempest, a great calm."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

TRAVELLER, on the thorny path,
Wearied with a thousand cares,
Burdened with a thousand wars,
Heavenward lift thy hopes and prayers;
Shrink not in the hour of trial;
Bide thy time in earnest faith;
Bear thee up without despairing;
Live as that one lived, who saith,
After winter cometh summer;
After night returns the day;
After tempests, calms, returning,
Fling the threatening clouds away.

Mourning one, with moistened eye,
Writhing under fancied loss,
Think of Christ's afflictions here;
Keep thine eye upon the cross.
Stand thou firm without dejection;
"Stand thou steady at God's will;
And whatever comes upon thee,"
Bear it firm, remembering still—
After winter cometh summer;
After night returns the day;
After tempests, calms, returning,
Fling the threatening clouds away.

Christian, who art bowed down,
By the burden of thy woes;
Yet, firm-hearted, keep good courage,
Though surrounded by thy foes.
Bear affliction for His glory;
Bear with patience, sorrow's sting;
Never shrinking, never failing,
Ever yet remembering,
After winter comes the summer;
After night returns the day;
After tempests, calms, returning,
Fling the threatening clouds away.